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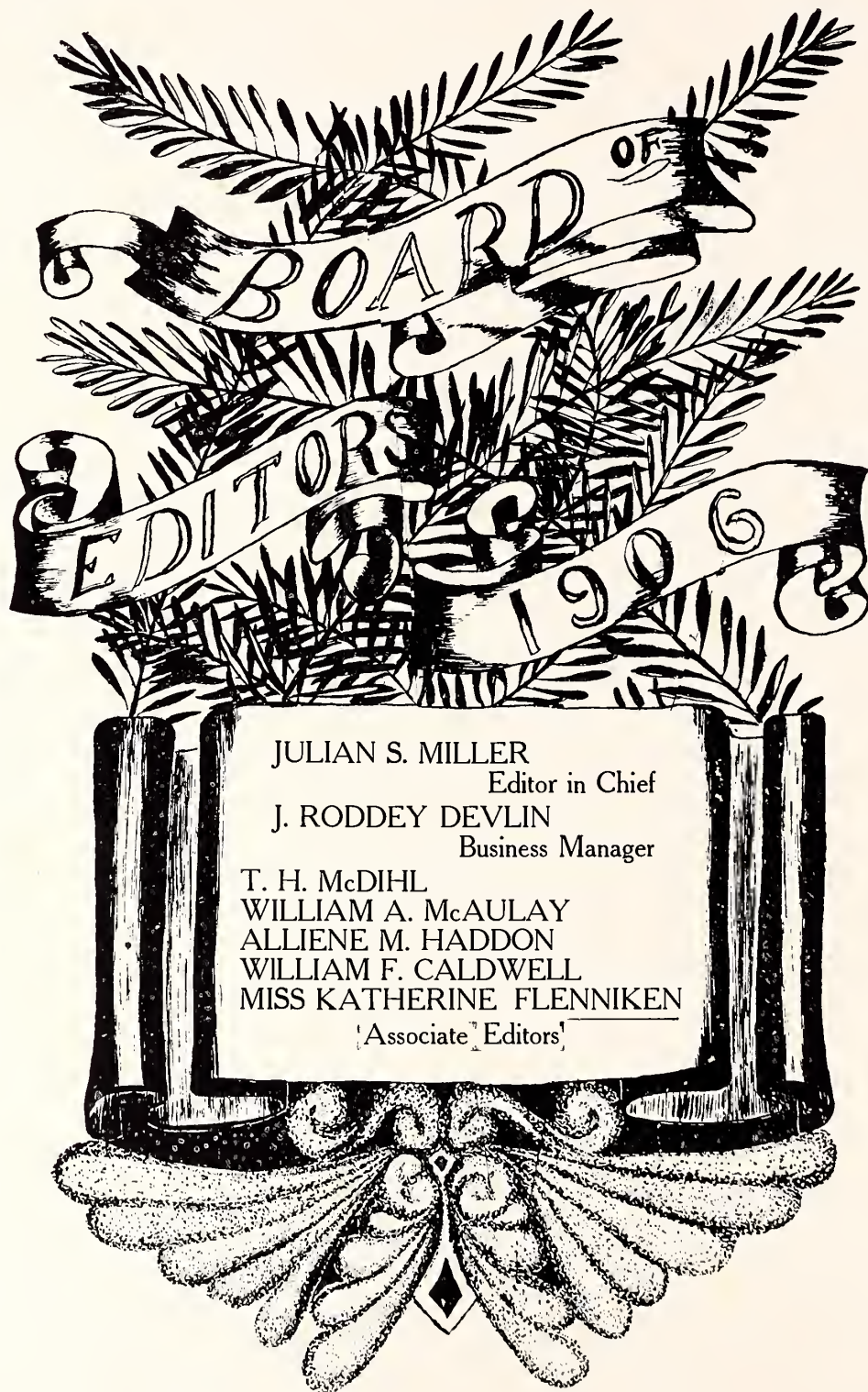


Dedication

Four years have passed since we first met. During all this time you have not failed to show thyself to us a kind friend, a patient instructor, and a generous advocate, and because we have learned from you by precept and practice what we shall endeavor to follow in maturer years, we affectionately dedicate this volume to you---our beloved Professor of English---

DR. JOHN I. McCAIN.





JULIAN S. MILLER

Editor in Chief

J. RODDEY DEVLIN

Business Manager

T. H. McDIHL

WILLIAM A. McAULAY

ALLIENE M. HADDON

WILLIAM F. CALDWELL

MISS KATHERINE FLENNIKEN

'Associate Editors'



CLASS ROLL.

Wm F. Caldwell. Chas. H. McMill.
E. Grier Carson. Wm M. McFerrin.
St. Paulridge. Julian S. Miller.
J. R. Devlin. H. H. Patrick.
Hatherius Humiston. R. Love Patrick.
Margaret Flenicker. J. B. Pearson.
A. M. Haddon. Walter H. Pharr.
Walter M. Hunter. H. E. Pressley.
Bessie Jackson. Moffatt Presley.
R. L. Jenkins. M. U. Robb.
M. H. Kirkpatrick. P. Robinson.
Edgar "Tommy" Long. J. D. Simpson.
W. A. McAulay. R. M. Sturison.
Brown Martin. M. O. Young.
P. P. McCain. R. A. Young.



Our History

BY

MISS MARGARET FLENNIKEN
And MR. JULIAN S. MILLER

WILLIAM FREDERICK CALDWELL—

“BABE.”

“In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even tho’ vanquished, he could argue still.”

We are inclined to think that Mr. Caldwell must have come into this world arguing—but anyway, he was born in Chester County, on April 22, 1886, to James M. and Janie B. Caldwell. After graduating with honor at the Chester Graded School, he entered the Sophomore Class at Erskine in '03. The Euphemain is the society of his choice, and he has reflected credit on her many times as a participant in the public celebrations. He has served her in the capacity of secretary, vice president, president, and has been the winning debater in the semi-annuals of '05 and '06, and in the annuals of '05. He is one of the Erskinian editors, and associate editor of the Calyx, was the Erskinian staff's representative at the College Magazine Association in Columbia, was one of the orators appointed to compete for the Greenwood appointment in '05, and is sometimes seen on Forbidden.



W. F. CALDWELL



E. G. CARSON

ERSKINE GRIER CARSON—"STEP-HIGH-SUSAN."

"How pleased is that paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself."

The bullet-like velocity of Mother Earth was decreased on the morning of February 6, 1881, when Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Carson, of Gaston County, N. C., threw into her already overflowing lap the child afterwards known as Erskine Grier. To the district school near his home, and to the Oakland High School, of Gastonia City, must be given the thanks for first awakening knowledge in his cranium. At the latter he won a "handsome" debator's medal, was class historian, and debater at commencement. Since '02 his connection has been with Erskine. He entered Freshman in full, joined Philomathean Society, won Freshman Declaimer's medal, was Senior orator at the semi-annual debate, represented the Y. M. C. A. at Asheville in '05, and at Nashville in '06. His vacations are spent in Chester, S. C., where his services are in behalf of the "Lantern." If you ever meet him you will soon discover that his favorite expression on all occasions is "Big Time."

SIDNEY WILLIAM DANDRIDGE—"DAN"

"For some who have his secret nature
guessed

Have found him not too much a priest."



S. W. DANDRIDGE

Mercury was in the ascendancy on the night of September 12, 1883. In the suburbs of Fayetteville, Tenn., its light fell full and fair upon Sidney William Dandridge, who on that selfsame night opened his eyes to this world. Born under the volatile influence of the light-hearted, swift-flying God of Heavens, the lad set his foot behind the plow, and began to play his role in the destiny assigned him. He was afterwards sent to the Peoples' and Morgan School in his home town, where he finished his preparatory course, entering Erskine as a Sophomore in September, 1903. He has maintained his "rep" for the strenuous life which characterized his first period of existence. In his Sophomore year he won the Mower medal for best orator in the college, and in numerous lesser undertakings he has not failed to win distinction. He is a loyal aggressive member of the Philomathean Society, which honored him with one of the debator's places on the semi-annual of this year. His popularity has been no more decisively attested than when he was elected manager of the baseball team in 1906, which position he is filling with the utmost credit and ability.

JOHN RODDY DEVLIN.

"I came here to study, and my mission I fulfilled."

Mr. Devlin, the son of John A. and M. L. Devlin, was first aroused, October 19, 1886, in the educational center of Due West, by the ringing of the college bells. He first began to store up knowledge in the D. W. F. C. Kindergarten, and later in the Due West High School, which awarded him a medal for general excellence. In '01 he began his college career as a "prep" at Erskine, and since that time has made nothing but A's (95 per cent. average) in his studies. He is connected with the Philomathean Literary Society and Y. M. C. A., and is business manager of both the Erskinian and the Calyx. He is a young man of fine character and devotion to duty, and we not only wish, but predict, for him a large measure of success in life.



J. R. DEVLIN



MARGARET ANSLEY FLENNIKEN.

"Grace is in all her steps, Heaven in her eye, and every gesture dignity and love."

Nature has laid everlasting tribute upon the class of '06, for the contribution of Miss Margaret, who is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fleniken, and was born at Winnsboro, S. C., December 17, 1885. Her early school days were spent at the Mt. Zion Institute, where she attended until the fall of '02, when she entered the Freshman Class of Erskine. Her career here has been marked by natural ability and studious habits combined. She has been an active and faithful member of the Calliopean Society, which has not been blind to her fitness for its highest gifts of position. She is the historian of the Calyx, and a loyal supporter and advocate of her class. Gifted with graces rare and lovable characteristic traits, she has won her way into the esteem of every class-mate, and merits such regard from all who shall ever come within the circle of her acquaintance.



MISS MARGARET FLENNIKEN



MISS KATHERINE FLENNIKEN

KATHERINE PATTON FLENNIKEN—
"KATIE."

"The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned."

Miss Flenniken is the second child of Warren Harvey and Katie Patton Flenniken, and her days number back as far as April 13, 1884. Her early education was begun at Mt. Zion Institute in her native town, Winnsboro, S. C., and is now being completed after a four years course at Erskine. She is a member of the Calliopean Society, and was one of the winning debaters at the annual celebration in her Freshman year. She has served as president of her society, vice-president of her class in '05, president of her class in '06, associate exchange editor of the Erskinian, and associate editor of the Calyx, and the brunt of Prof. Grier's jokes.



ALLEIN MERLE HADDON.

"His profile was striking, resistless, and
grand;

His manners were gentle, complying, and
bland."



A. M. HADDON

Mr. Haddon is the son of Rev. S. Ward and Annie G. Haddon of Spotswood, Va., and first yawned as he entered this world in 1885, at Rapine, Va. To the Valley High School, of Spotswood he first went for instruction, and in later years came to Erskine College for his "finishing touches." While in the high school both the orator's and declaimer's medals were won by him, and in his Freshman year at Erskine he again won the declaimer's medal. He is a member of the Euphemian Society and Y. M. C. A. In his Sophomore year he was declaimer at the Euphemian semi-annual, and in his Junior year distinguished himself in debate at the Euphemian annual. He was president of the semi-annual in his Senior year, and associate editor of the Calyx.

WALTER MAY HUNTER—"HUNT,"
"MAMIE."

"No sense has he of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino, Mr. Hunter first made himself heard in this world on January 8, 1882, in the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Hunter, near Statesville, N. C. His gray matter was first cultivated in Greenbrier Academy, Lewisburg, W. Va., to which place his father had moved. For two years his services were those of a clerk in W. Va., but in '01 he matriculated at Erskine College, and since that time has been to her a loyal son. His name is found on the membership roll of the Philomathean Society and Y. M. C. A. For three years he has been a participant in the semi-annuals, and in his Freshman year was awarded a medal from his Society. We would not undertake to mention the times he has been called on to play the role of marshal. He is never awed by any assemblage, and has an addiction to loquacity.



W. M. HUNTER

BESSIE PARKS JACKSON—"PUSH."

"Eyes that could see her on a summer
day,
Might find it hard to turn another way."

Miss Jackson commenced her earthly sojourn in "Clover," and became a daughter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jackson, on August 7, 1884. Her early education was begun in the Clover High School, and after finishing there, she came to Erskine, and stood in the ranks of the Fresh. During her Freshman year she distinguished herself in debate at the Calliopean Annual Celebration. She has been president of the Calliopean Society, was chief marshal at the annual in '04, in her Junior year was president of the Y. W. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A.'s representative at the Asheville Conference, has taught one year at Liberty Hill and proved her efficiency in this line, is associate exchange editor of the Erskinian, and secretary of her class.



MISS BESSIE JACKSON

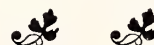


R. L. JENKINS

ROBERT LATHAN JENKINS—"PULLET."

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why ain't they all contented like me?"

Pullet is a Yorkville lad and has doubtless turned the old town "up side down" with some of his projects. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jenkins, and first appeared in a poultry yard on July 19, 1884. Nine years of his life were spent in the Yorkville Graded School, and two in a private school. He is the third of his family to attend Erskine College, and like his brothers, is a loyal Euphemian, and a member of the Y. M. C. A. He is a "handy fellow," and is probably more so because of his connection for two years with an electrical company. Among all the student body there is not one who is his enemy, and we predict for him a large circle of friends where ever his lot be cast.



M. G. KIRKPATRICK

MOFFATT GRIER KIRKPATRICK—
"KIRK."

"Too little known to be appreciated; too
retiring to win renown."

The date of Mr. Kirkpatrick's nativity is January 14, 1886, the place, Mecklenburg County, N. C. He is the son of Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Kirkpatrick, who placed him first in the Prosperity Graded School for the pursuit of knowledge. He claims not to have won any medals because he didn't take "that course." His education in later years has been at Erskine College, to which place he came in 1902, entering the Sophomore Class, and allying himself with the Philomathian Society and Y. M. C. A. In his Senior year he served his society as president of the semi-annual celebration. He is a member of the choir, a good athlete, and for three years has been a member of Erskine's baseball team.

EDGAR LONG—"TOMMIE."

"Mislike me not for my complexion."

This shaft from nature's quiver was a cause of rejoicing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Long on the night of July 15, 1886. Tommie learned his "A B C's" in the Gaston Institute of his native City, Gastonia, N. C., and was prepared for college in the Graded Schools of this same city. Since the fall of '02 Erskine College has been proud to claim him, and has bestowed on him a good share of honor. For three years he has been connected with the varsity baseball team, batting average .05 in lead, 350 per cent. He is also a member of the football team, of Philomathean Society and Y. M. C. A. and has served as president and treasurer of Philomathean Society, treasurer of Athletic Association, president of Tennis Club, '05, '06; debater at Philomathean semi-annual in '06 and several times been marshal. In '04 he was a Y. M. C. A. representative at both the Spartanburg and Asheville conventions. He stands 6 ft. 1 in. in his shoes, and can lay claim to 160 avoirdupois, also some newly developed sporting proclivities.



EDGAR LONG

PAUL PRESSLY McCAIN—"PEEP."

"Few hearts like his with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

Mr. McCain entered into this "vale of tears" on June 26, 1884, and since this date has made the old historic town of Due West his abiding place. His mother is Lula Todd McCain and his father is the noted English scholar, John Ireneas McCain, Ph.D. Though still young in years, he is not without honors. His first medal was for scholarship, won while in the graded school and ever since entering college he has been an A man. During his Fresh. and Soph. years he was declaimer at the Semi-annual of the Euphemian Society, of which he is a member. In his Junior year he was elected to fill the vacancy of Senior Orator at the Euphemian Semi-annual, and in the same year, distinguished himself in debate at the Euphemian Annual. In his Senior year he was again chosen debater at the Semi-annual. He was class president in his Junior year, editor-in-chief of the Erskinian, and an active Y. M. C. A. man. We predict large things for him, even though he is rather unfortunate in love-making.



P. P. McCAIN



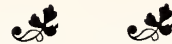
W. M. McFERRIN

WILLIAM MARTIN McFERRIN—"FATHER MAC."

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

William Martin McFerrin, son of John B. and Olivia Phagan McFerrin, was born on March 21, 1880, in Lincoln county, Tenn. His preparatory school days were spent at Bolton College and Robinson's High School, both of which institutions are in his native State. Before entering Erskine he taught the public school at Bethany, Arkansas, for one year and also was instructor in the public schools of Shelby County, Tenn., whither he moved with his father in 1891.

He came to Erskine as a Sophomore in the fall of 1903, joining the Philo. Society. In his chosen society he has performed a creditable service and held some of her most responsible positions. He is an active and leading member of the Y. M. C. A. In all his duties he is one of the most conscientious, self-giving members of the class. Quiet and retired in disposition, manly and courteous in manner, painstaking and scrupulous in the exercise of his duties, he has become at once one of the most loyal and likeable of our band.



BROWN MARTIN

EBENEZER BROWN MARTIN.

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes."

Mr. Martin was first an opposition to gravity on November 26, 1886. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Martin, and has spent his early life in and about Due West. He was first educated at the Winona & Donald's High School, and there won a prize for general excellence. His college life began in the "Prep." of Erskine, and now he is "pulling hard" for a sheep skin from this same college. In his Freshman and Sophomore years he was declaimer at the Euphemian Semi-annual and won a medal for the same in his Freshman year. In his Junior year he was one of the orators chosen to compete for the Greenwood appointment. He seldom speaks, but when he does, 'tis to the point.

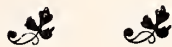
WILLIAM A. McAULEY—"BILLY."

"I have scarce ever met with a man who knew more or said less."

Billy is a "Tar Heel," and the "Old North State" may well feel proud of her claim to him. The home of his parents (John C. and Jane Beard McAuley) is Huntersville, N. C., and here he was prepared for college in the high school, where he won a medal for declamation. The first college of his choice was the University of North Carolina, whose Freshman Class he entered in 1902, became a member of the Dialectic Society, and was awarded the Declaimers medal. In '03 he matriculated at Erskine, entering Soph. Class, and in '04 won the Kirkpatrick medal for oratory. He is a member of the Y. M. C. A., and a staunch Philomathean. In '05 at the Philo Semi-annual he was victorious in debate, and in his Senior year was the first of his class to be chosen society president. This year he represents Erskine at the State Oratorical Contest, and our confidence in him removes all fear of defeat. He is local editor of the Erskinian and of the Calyx. His many friends predict for him a bright and useful future.



W. A. MCAULEY



SAMUEL WATT RABB.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Mr. Rabb is a native of Rosemark, Tipton County, Tenn., and has been an increase to population since January 7, 1884. His parents are Rev. and Mrs. Horace Rabb of Mays, Ind. A part of his education was gotten in Bolton College, of West Tennessee, where he won an essayist's medal. He then came to Erskine, entered the Fresh. class, allied himself with the Y. M. C. A. and Euphemian Society and has served in the latter as Librarian and Janitor. He is also a member of the Due West choir. He is a "friend who shows himself friendly," and is "rich in saving common sense." He has never had any serious heart trouble, but always has the malady in a mild form. In his Junior year he was one of the orators chosen to compete for the Greenwood appointment.



S. W. RABB.



JULIAN S. MILLER

JULIAN SIDNEY MILLER—"JUTE."

"Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
Chosen for large designs."

On November 27, 1885, a new unit was added to civilization in the community of New Hope, S. C. This was Julian Sidney Miller, the son of Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Miller. His early education was acquired at Sardis (N. C.) In '02 he entered the Fresh. Class of the University of North Carolina, and was class poet. In '03 he entered the Soph. Class at Erskine, and won the essayist's medal. In '04 he launched out into the sea of journalism and was connected with the staff of the "Beaver Star," Beaver, Pa., until January, 1905, when he became associate editor of the Charlotte News (N. C.) In July of the same year he accepted a similar position with the Charlotte Evening Chronicle. This he held until he re-entered Erskine in the fall of '05. He is a loyal member of the Philomathean Literary Society, and was her representative at the Centennial Society celebration of the South Carolina College. But he is proficient along other lines still. He is a fine athlete, being a member of both football and baseball teams, is managing editor and associate historian of the Calyx, an active worker on the Erskinian, a "rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun," and an adept in love-making.



JAMES DUNBAR SIMPSON—"SIMP."

"So sweet thy blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce can wish it less."



J. D. SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson is a Richburg lad, in which place he was born August 8, 1885. His parents are John Millen and Rachel Simpson. His early education was gotten at the Pleasant Grove High School, Richburg, S. C. He came to Erskine in 1903, and entered in the threefold capacity of Prep. Fresh. and Soph. Now he is on a smooth road to his sheep skin. He is a diligent student, and faithful to duty. He never has any trouble with his heart, and his only malady is "blushing like a girl." He is connected with the Philomathean Literary Society and Y. M. C. A.

THOMAS HEMPHILL, McDIHL—“TOM.”

“Nature listening stood
And wondered at the work herself had
made.”

Shortly after the smoke of civil battles had rolled away and the roar of cannon and boom of guns had ceased sounding in the ears of a universe, the inhabitants of the region round about Fayetteville, Tenn., were startled one night by a marked phenomenon in the physical world. “The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets; the goats ran from the mountains and the herds were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.”

An immediate investigation led to the discovery that to Samuel and Emma Taylor McDihl was born that night a son and nature was thus marking his extraordinariness by open distortions. The lad was given the name of Thomas Hemphill. His youth was spent in decisive harmony with the natural scenery at his nativity, extenuating the fact that he “was not in the roll of common men.” His first tutelage was given at the People’s and Morgan Training School in his home city, and on January 4, 1904, he entered the Sophomore Class of Erskine. His record here bespeak the greatness that his birth foreshadowed. He joined the Philomathean Society and has not failed to receive his honors here. He has held the office of president, vice president and recording secretary, represented the society at the Semi-annual debate, last year, and won the debater’s medal. He is now president of the Y. M. C. A. and Athletic Association; poet-laureate and vice president of his class.



T. H. McDIHL

JAMES STRONG MOFFATT PRESSLY—
“PRESS.”

“Be to his virtues very kind,
Be to his faults a little blind.”

Tennessee is the mother of this young man, who was born at Troy on March 7, 1886, to his parents, Dr. Cornelius and Mrs. Maude Moffatt Pressly. He is one of Tennessee’s many sons to come to Erskine, which he entered in 1904, as a Junior. The Euphemian is the society of his choice. Don’t many of us know Press on account of his modesty, but we wish that we did, for he is well worth the knowing. His taste runs along the line of organic chemistry; but this is natural, as he means some day to hang out an “M. D.” shingle.



J. S. M. PRESSLY



W. H. PHARR

WALTER HAZEL PHARR—"SHAKE."

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair."

"In trailing clouds of glory," came Mr. Pharr to his earthly abode on December 21, 1886, near Charlotte, N. C. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pharr, and received his early education at Oak Grove Academy. In the fall of '03, he matriculated at Erskine, entering the Soph. Class. Like most of the "Sardis boys" he is a Philomathean, and has improved the opportunities which this society offered to him. He is an active Erskinian worker, and some of his productions in this magazine are worthy of note. He is a rather frequent "forbidden" loafer, and always takes some kind of a course at the D. W. F. C.

ROBERT LOVE PATRICK—"SAINT."

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint!

And those who know thee, know all words
are faint."



R. L. PATRICK

This "Sni Generis" first had his spirit jarred up on March 17, 1881, at Sharon, S. C., and was from this time forth a new edition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Patrick. At four years of age his home was changed to White Oak, S. C., and he here received his early education. For a number of years he taught in Edgefield, Yorkville and Cornwall, where he says he is still highly esteemed. His next step was to enter Erskine and ally himself with the Euphemian Society and Y. M. C. A. He has served his society in the following capacities: Secretary, Librarian, Fresh, Declaimer at the Semi-annual, Vice-President, President, Junior Debater at Semi-annual in '05, Orator at Annual in '04, Senior Orator at Semi-annual in '06. He has represented the Y. M. C. A. at two conventions: Sumter in '01 and Spartanburg in '03. Erskine sent him to Greenwood as her orator in '05, where he won the State medal for oratory. The following summer he represented South Carolina at the Mount Eagle Contest, and missed first honor by three-fifths of a point. He is Literary Editor of the Erskinian, and was the Euphemian's representative at the Centennial celebration of the Literary Societies of the South Carolina College.

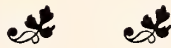
KILLOUGH HENRY PATRICK.

"Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

Mr. Patrick is able to number his days back as far as the 28th of November, 1883. All his life before coming to college was spent at White Oak, S. C., in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Patrick. He was ten years in the school at White Oak, and in 1905 entered the Fresh. class at Erskine and connected himself with the Euphemian Society, and Y. M. C. A. In his early youth he claims to have won a booby prize. He has been Marshal on several occasions, and has a fine head for business. He walks "forbidden" occasionally, and has a weakness for sending candy to the girls.



K. H. PATRICK



JOHN BRUCE PIERSON—"SUNNY JIM."

"A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel."

"In such a night as when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise, in such a night, Pierson, methinks, came into this world." He is a native of Gaston County, N. C., born on April 12, 1878, and the son of William A. and Nannie E. Pierson. Gaston Institute lays claim to first instilling in his mind the rudiments of an education. After finishing there, Erskine was the college of his choice, and for four years he has been a student in her walls. He is a member of the Philomathean Society and Y. M. C. A. He is a young man of fine character, and if the Prophet will excuse us, we will say that we expect to see him in the pulpit some day.



J. B. PEARSON

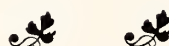


H. E. PRESSLY

HENRY ELLIOTT PRESSLY—"SPEEDY,"
"GREASER."

"A little auburn-headed, good-for-nothing
And mischief-making monkey from his
birth."

This "freak o' nature" began his being on December 9, 1886, in Tampico, Mex. He is the youngest son of the Missionary, Dr. Neil Erskine Pressly and Rachel Elliott Pressly. His education was begun in this country. In 1900 he attended the K. M. M. A. of Yorkville, S. C.; in 1901, Mt. Zion Institute, Winnsboro, S. C.; in 1902, was under a private tutor; after Christmas in 1903, entered the Fresh. class at Erskine. He is a member of the Euphemian Society, Erskine Quartette, and Y. M. C. A. He was appointed secretary of his society in '03, recording secretary in '04, president in '05. His figure and carriage secured for him the place of Marshal at the Euphemian Semi-annual in '04, and the Annual in the same year. Cupid has played havoc with his heart since the first year in college. He is red-headed, freckled-faced, jolly, occasionally given to the "dumps." He weighs 135 pounds, and stands five feet six and a half-inches above the ground. He has been for three years a member of the varsity ball team.



RAYMOND ALFRED YOUNG—
"SWEETIE."

"From the crown of his head to the sole
of his foot he is all mirth."



R. A. YOUNG

Mr. Young is a "Georgia cracker" and began his existence at Moreland, September 15, 1884, in the family of Archie T. and Fannie E. Young. His early education was gotten in the White Oak Academy (Ga.) In the fall of '03 he came to Erskine, entered Sophomore Class, and allied himself with the Philomathean Literary Society and Y. M. C. A. "Chestnuts" are a favorite fruit with him, and he is also fond of "sporting with Amaryllis." Though not famed for his achievements, he is blest with a good disposition and the art of making friends.

RALPH JAY ROBINSON.

"With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts and wisdom disappeared."

To McCormick, South Carolina, is given the honor of being the birthplace of Ralph Jay Robinson, and September 26, 1886, the time. Nature showed herself in variegated colors when she was fitting the large-hearted, frivolous, ingenious Ralph for a career through life. Genius has set her seal upon him, and Fame is calling from her hall in fairyland. In his preparatory course at the McCormick Academy he developed an aptitude for learning and delving deep in the fount of fiction and history, and in these departments of education, Erskine can boast of no more thorough student. He is a faithful, active member of the Euphemian Society, in which he has held several positions of responsibility and trust. By a personality which is attractive and good-natured graces that fix themselves on human hearts, Ralph has won his way with ease into the companionship and confidence of all who have ever enjoyed his acquaintance. Yet amid all his propensities toward living with the ancient historians and story-tellers, he is at the same time alive to the athletic features of college-life, and was last year a member of the baseball team.

Verily, he is a *sui generis*, and as was said of England's king, "his virtues are his own, and if he has any vices they must be of the times."

ROBERT MASON STEVENSON—
"STEVE."

"Our various cares in one great point
combine,
The business of our lives—that is—to
dine."

On September 5, 1886, autumn ushered in the arrival of this youth, thus making glad the heart of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Stevenson. His boyhood was spent in Clover, S. C., and at the high school of this place, and at that of Bethany he was prepared for college. In '03 Erskine became his instructor, and his name was added to her Sophomore roll. Philomatheia is the Society of his choice. To her he has proved a loyal son, and has rendered her service as a Marshal at the Semi-annual in '04, and as President in '06. His fine physique has made him an important factor in athletics, and has won him a place on both the football and baseball teams.



R. J. ROBINSON



R. M. STEVENSON



M. P. YOUNG

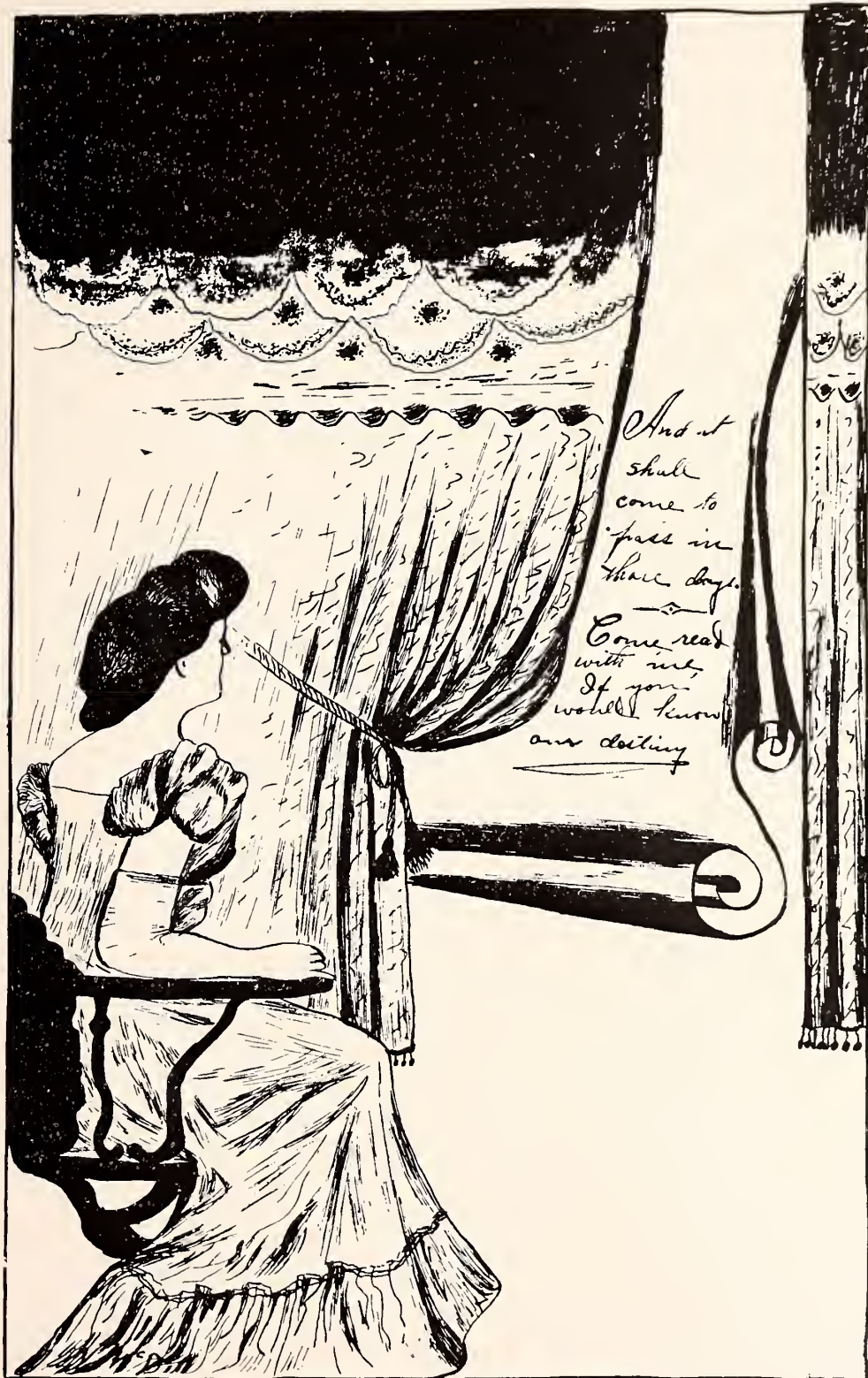
MASON PRESSLY YOUNG.

“Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself;
Who can tell him what he is?”

Mr. Young, the son of Henry M. and Flora J. Young, became an interrogation point in Due West, S. C., on June 26, 1887. He first asked questions in the Due West Academy of Mental and Moral Philosophy (in other words, the Sabbath School), later in the graded school. His college career began as a “Prep” but now he has climbed up to the “Senior Question Box” and fills it well. His grandfather was for many years professor, also treasurer, of Erskine College, and architect of the Euphemian Society Hall, which is named in honor of his wife.

Mr. Young is a member of the Euphemian Society. Cupid’s darts have never pierced his heart, for it is too thickly coated with a love for organic chemistry.





And yet
shall
come to
pass in
these days.
—
Come read
with me,
If you
would know
our destiny



Class Prophecy.



BY W. M. HUNTER.

My Dear Classmates: A few nights ago I returned from a most pleasant trip, and as I am sure that it will be of no little interest to you, I will tell you about it. It began in this way. One cold, dreary night, not long ago, I sat alone in my room. The winds whistled through the leafless trees, and a drizzling rain added to the gloom. Although outside the elements were in a wild commotion, I sat comfortably in my easy chair while the fire cast a cheery light through the room. My surroundings naturally threw me into a reminiscent mood, and I found myself living over again my old college days. Well did I remember the day we graduated. It was Tuesday, June the fifth, 1906, a day long to be remembered. I remember well how we marched to the auditorium in the morning of that day; how, when each had finished his speech, he received a little package of flowers from his friend in the Female College; how, after speeches were all delivered, we were each presented with our diplomas and how, when all was over, with tearful eyes, we said a last "Good-bye" to the girls we loved so well. For four long years we had looked forward to that day and hailed its coming with joy, but when it came at last, how changed were our feelings. Instead of that exultant spirit, we almost wept when the time came to part. Can it be that twenty-five years have passed since that eventful day? Surely, as one of our number said when a Freshman, "Tempus is surely fugitin'."

Some class prophets have written simple prophecies. Some have delighted to speak of their class mates in the highest terms, representing them as busied with the things of the world, going upon long journeys, sitting in judgment upon their fellowmen, holding the highest possible positions, or even sitting in the President's chair. These things are neither impossible nor improbable, and such great things might well have been prophesied of the then great class of 1906, but I shall tell a simple story in a simple way,—the truth as I have been able to gather it after twenty-five years.

As I have said, twenty-five years have rolled rapidly by since we bade farewell to the old college, the faculty, fellow students; and casting a last longing look across the campus to the Female College, we set out upon our journey of life. We were a promising class, thirty in number, and each endowed with a liberal amount of knowledge,—the result of four years of incessant toil. Our weapons with which we were to fight the battles of life consisted in part of the following—a fairly good knowledge of the science of Astronomy, a trace of Psychology, the best methods for growing the choicest "Greek roots," laboratory and other methods for making the innumerable and unmentionable compounds of Chemistry, some French, Latin, German, and English. These were priceless weapons theoretically, but as time wore on these trusty companions were one by one cast aside for those more practical ones.

To satisfy my intense desire for some tidings of my former class mates, I determined to lay aside for a while the active duties of life and go in search of them. I had always the desire to travel, and I knew of no other trip so pleasant or profitable as one to see those with whom I had been so intimately associated while in college.

At last my plans were realized and the pleasures of a trip to my old class friends loomed up before me in mammoth proportions. With surprising ease and celerity all preparations were made, and, rising early in the morning, I boarded an out-going train for the North.

My first stop was in Richmond, Va., where I found J. D. Simpson engaged in the drug business. A commodious building on Broad street bore the modest sign—"J. D. Simpson, Druggist." A few days I spent in his hospitable home, presided over by a noble daughter of the famous old D. W. F. C. The home, however, betrayed a tinge of sadness occasioned by the recent departure of their only daughter who was attending school at Due West. Bidding farewell to these friends, I went next to Washington. Here I was met by Hazel Pharr, who, after completing a law course in the Columbia University, had settled for the practice of his chosen profession in this city. While here I also met R. L. Jenkins. I found him engaged in the U. S. Survey. He had, like myself, been away from the South and consequently knew very little of our old class. He told me, however, that he had occasionally seen Mason Stevenson, who was an active rail road man. When the seemingly impossible project of "The New York to Paris Rail Road" was first introduced, he had entered the enterprise with his usual enthusiasm; and when the missing links of the road were finished in 1915, it was he who conducted the first train through from New York to Paris. The world read with amazing wonder of the initial trip—leaving the metropolis the train sped westward to Seattle and thence northward to the Behring Strait under which a tunnel 38 miles long had been constructed. Once on the Asiatic continent, the way was clear for Paris, which place was reached in fifteen days after leaving New York. While here I had missed seeing still another, R. L. Patrick, who had passed through a few days before on his way to New York to take, in connection with his vacation, a special course in Hebrew. He has for several years been the acceptable pastor of the First A. R. P. Church in Birmingham, Ala.

Leaving Washington, I turned my face to the west. I landed at last in Memphis, Tennessee. I found that Moffatt Pressly had, like most other wanderers, settled near the old home at last. I went up to Troy, about forty miles from Memphis, to see him, and found that he had taken his father's place as leading physician in those parts. His early shyness for the feminine sex had evidently worn off with the study of medicine, for I found him not alone. Here also I found Rev. W. M. McFerrin, the pastor of Troy A. R. P. Church. He was the same "Mac" I had known in college, and I found him very pleasantly situated but for one thing. The only trouble between him and the people lay in the fact that he had for some time urged the building of an annex to the parsonage, a thing which the people were unwilling to do. From these I learned the whereabouts of Ralph Robinson. They told me that he had for several years after leaving college taught in Tennessee and then, with a heavy heart, occasioned by a serious disappointment in a love affair, retired to a quiet little home in the foot-hills of the Piedmont section of his native State where he devoted his entire time to writing. His works on fiction were classed as among the best. He had also recently published a volume of poems entitled, "Robinson's Love Lyrics."

But I must hurry on with my story. On my way to Nashville, I was greeted by a hustling little man whom I soon recognized as Will Dandridge. I found that he was on his way home from a meeting of the International Medical Association. He

has settled for the practice of his profession in Fayetteville, Tenn., and a day I spent in his home. I found that his "Youthful dreams of rain-bow gleams" had really come to pass, for by his side and in full sympathy with his work, was none other than his old college girl. In company with "Dan" I drove out to the Female College to visit Sam Rabb. It was a genuine pleasure to shake his hand again and call him "Old Lady," a name he had not heard for years. His early fondness for college girls had led him to establish a female college where he has labored for years as president. I found that his early views on the social problems were slightly changed, for "Soirees" were a rarity and callers were not admitted except once a month and then only with special permission from the young lady's papa. Associated with him in this work, I found Miss Katherine Flenniken, as teacher of Mathematics and Astronomy. She had always a fondness for Mathematics and was well versed in the laws of Astronomy, and this tendency had led her to reject her numerous suitors and give her life to this work. She made me acquainted with the whereabouts of Miss Margaret Flenniken. For two years after leaving college she was a typical "School Marm," but she was not long permitted to revel in the quietude of a country school-house, for she was one of the parties to a case of "love at first sight" and now she lives in Charleston, S. C., where her husband is a doctor. I was also let into the secret of Miss Bessie Jackson's passing from a state of single to that of double blessedness. It came about in this way. She taught for a year or so, and figured in a pretty little romance as follows: While in the full performance of her duties as teacher, she had one day occasion to punish rather severely one of the little girls. Next morning this same little girl's father, who by the way was a young widower, came with her to the school room to have it out with whom he called, "That imprudent new teacher." But when he beheld the new teacher in her pretty pink dress, his anger cooled at once. It was a plain case and very evident that this school would soon need a still newer teacher. In course of time they were duly married, and you may even now, find their happy home at 1046 Tenth Avenue, Asheville, N. C.

On my way to Columbia, I stopped over in Atlanta, Ga., where I became suddenly vexed with a severe tooth-ache. I started up town in search of a dentist, and soon I was confronted by the sign "J. R. Devlin, Dentist." I hurried up stairs to assure myself if it was that same Roddy Devlin, whom I had known. It was, and after dislocating my jaw and wrenching my neck in his frantic attempts to extricate my tooth, we sat down for a long talk of our old college days. In the afternoon we went around to see Kirkpatrick, the director of a large conservatory of music. "Kirk" had developed his musical talent by an extended course in Germany. Among his compositions is a new song entitled, "I can't forget you," dedicated to his college girl who thought him gone, and married while he was in Germany. In company with these two friends, I went that night to the Grand Opera to hear the famous humorist lecturer, W. A. McAulay. The house was crowded to the limits of comfort. After the exercises were over we stayed to speak to "Billy." When in college, his tendency seemed toward the ministry, but judging from his success on the stage, he had evidently not missed his calling very far.

After a pleasant trip, I landed late in the afternoon in the city of Columbia, S. C. Here I was entertained by W. F. Caldwell. "Babe" had not been idle since I had seen him, for here he has built up a fine law practice, and at this time is

Attorney General for the State. He, like many others, started at the bottom and has earned his reputation by hard work. But I met here still another of my classmates, Martin. If he ever had any tendency toward politics when in college, he had never told any one, and naturally I was not a little surprised to see him here. He had, as I found, carried Abbeville County by a large majority on the prohibition ticket, and had for years represented his county in the legislature. To go further into the future, it is by no means improbable that he will some day represent his State in the United States Senate. On the train out from Columbia, I had as my traveling companion, K. H. Patrick. Killough had evidently displayed his "Patrick blood" for I found that he had managed to gather up no small amount of the good things of this world. He is a banker in his native town, and also owns and operates a large farm in connection with his other business. At a little station not far from Charlotte, N. C., two clerical looking men boarded the train, whom I soon recognized as Pearson and Carson. They had been, as they told me, to a meeting of Presbytery and now were returning to their homes in North Carolina. They each presided over a church in his native State, and were far from being idle.

Landing at last in the City of Charlotte, N. C., I started up town in search of my old friend Julian Miller. I found that his taste for journalism had led him to strive for fame in that direction, and now he was styled as the "Chief Editor" of the Charlotte Observer. Two days I spent in his hospitable home in the outskirts of the city. "Jute" had taken seriously that good old saying, "It is not good that man should be alone" and soon after leaving college had married a wife. They are soon to celebrate their silver wedding. Leaving this place, I went next to Gastonia, where I stopped for the day. The leading wholesale hardware house in this thriving little city is styled, "The Edgar Long Hardware Co." "Tommy" was born in Gastonia, has lived all his life in Gastonia, and will no doubt die in that same Gastonia. He is doing well and his prospects are bright.

Seeing so many of my classmates made me determine to revisit again the scenes of my schooldays; so I set out for Due West. Stopping over in Greenville, S. C., between trains, I had a most pleasant chat with Mason Young, who is a druggist in that place. He had always had a good head for chemistry, and I was not very much surprised to find him in this business. Soon the hour for leaving for Due West came and I was again on my way. A strange feeling came over me when I realized that I was again so near the old place where I had enjoyed so many pleasant days. Here I was to spend a few days with Haddon. He was the only one who had come back to the old place to live. For a number of years he has been Professor of Greek and German in Erskine. Of all the boys, he had surely not missed his calling. But then there were four whom I could not hope to see on this trip. They were McDill, McCain, R. A. Young and Henry Pressly. These had cast their lot in the foreign field among a strange people. McCain and Pressly took first a medical course and were engaged as Medical Missionaries in India and Mexico respectively. A large field in Mexico is now worked by McDill. He always took a great interest in this kind of work while in College, and was consequently well prepared for the duties. Young entered the Foreign Y. M. C. A. work and has labored successfully for many years in Calcutta, India.

What record has the class of 1906 made? The question answers itself. We have a right to be proud of the record. Of the 30 who stood up on June the 5th, 1906,

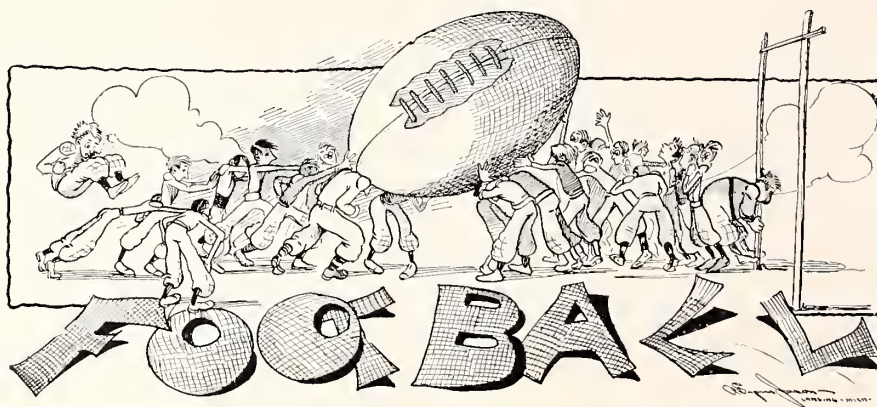
to receive their diplomas, there are four preachers, two lawyers, two doctors, one banker, three teachers, one U. S. surveyor, one railroad official, two missionaries, two medical missionaries, one politician, one editor, one author, one lecturer, two druggists, one merchant, one musician, one dentist, and two are not, because they have been taken away in marriage.

At last my train pulled into Donalds and I realized that my long and pleasant trip was near an end. I found that the passengers for Due West had no longer to ride in a hack, but that after a protracted series of railroad meetings, the railroad had at last been completed. Presently I heard the bell ringing as the train pulled out for Due West, and in my haste to get aboard, I started to run and bumped my head against the head board of the—bed and waked up. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, remembered that I had eaten "salmon balls" for supper, heard the second bell ringing and realized that I was late for breakfast again.



Athletics

In giving this history, review, or whatever you choose to call it, of athletics in Erskine College, it is our purpose to tell you what the members of the present Senior Class have done toward maintaining the high standard of "healthy sport" which our predecessors have established, to tell you of Senior Class football and baseball. Remember that in balldom, whether in the land of the pigskin or in baseball fandom, there is a freedom of speech, a variety of word and phrase expression, a novelty of coinage which you will not find elsewhere. The sporting writer, if he wish to be the successful reporter of modern doings in athletic-land, must renounce conventional forms, must enter and live in the land where slang is slung, in a word, must "murder" the English language. If, then, in making this tour of the athletic field with the Seniors, your sense of propriety is shocked, your modesty is undermined; grin and bear it; we don't detain you long.



First, we shall tell you of our football team. Averaging 158 pounds to the man, in for winning, determined, gritty, with pluck to spare, the team of the fall of 1905 was truly a formidable class football team. Only two games of special interest were played,—these against the Juniors. The following was the score:

Juniors, 6—Seniors, 6.

Juniors, 0—Seniors, 0.

SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

R. L. Patrick, Center.

J. B. Pearson, Right Guard.

W. M. Hunter, Right Tackle.

J. S. M. Pressly, Right End.

J. S. Miller, Left Half Back.

Edgar Long, Full Back.

Substitutes—Haddon and Rabb.

E. G. Carson, Left Guard.

W. H. Pharr Left Tackle.

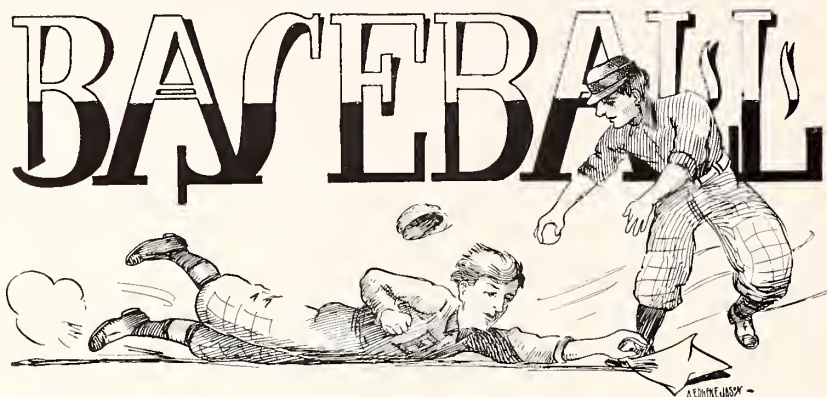
J. R. Devlin, Left End.

H. L. E. Pressly, Quarter Back.

R. M. Stevenson, Right Half Back.



FOOTBALL TEAM



While the big leaguers are turning their faces from Northern territory to the land of balmy, pine-scented zephyrs, while the minor leagues are bending every effort toward the capture of the much coveted pennant, along with great activity in baseball circles in the world outside of Due West, there is also something doing on Erskine's diamond.

Of the Seniors, Kirkpatrick, Long, Pressly, H. E. and J. S. M., Stevenson, Miller, Robinson and Hunter are trying out for regular positions on the team of 1906.

A brief history of the "regulars," of those who have seen service, might interest you.

Moffat G. Kirkpatrick, of keystone sack fame, was born (as far as baseballists are concerned) in the spring of 1904, and is still living. He joined the regular college team in his Sophomore year, and was with the team again last season. A good hitter, a fairly good infielder, "Kirk" would be a valuable addition to any team.

It was in the summer of 1905. "Kirk" was teaching school away over near the Highland Rim of Middle Tennessee. They don't play much ball in this particular out-of-the-way section of the country. Naturally, therefore, "Kirk" was considered somewhat of a "star." At a big country picnic and barbecue, his services as second baseman for the ball game of the afternoon were retained. They play in pastures over there. Now it so happened that "Kirk" had a new \$15 suit of clothes, and that he had before the game exchanged this suit for a baseball uniform, at the same time hanging his citizen's clothes on a persimmon bush. After the battle was over, "Kirk" went to see about that new suit (naturally he was a little proud of it) and what do you suppose he saw? About two inches of breeches leg, dangling from an old cow's jaw. That cow had eaten his new pants, containing principally wire nails, one pocket knife, one cork screw, an Ingersoll dollar watch, and (have mercy) a letter, unopened, unread,—it from his best girl.

"Tommie" Long, erstwhile captain of the Gastonia locals, a youngster who believes in good, clean baseball, and who believes in working hard for the game, butted into balldom in the spring of 1904. By some means, which he himself has not yet ascertained, he led the college team in hitting in the spring of 1905. Six feet one inch by 160 pounds, Tommie's greatest trouble in baseball is getting his breeches long enough. Several pitchers have died in the attempt to get balls above his knees.

R. J. Robinson, who, it is reported, has been trying for the team since 18—(?).

succeeded last year in capturing left field. It might be said here that he is as good as there is. The "terriblest time" Robinson ever had, so he says, was over in Washington, Ga. It was in the latter part of the game, and the score was 6 to 5, in favor of the opposing team. Things were looking sad for Robinson and his Washingtonians, when finally two men got on bases. "I'll give you a kiss, if you'll bring those two men in home," cried a smiling maiden from the lower row of grandstand seats. Ralph landed on the ball, and sent it hard and heavy for a two-base hit. The two men scored.

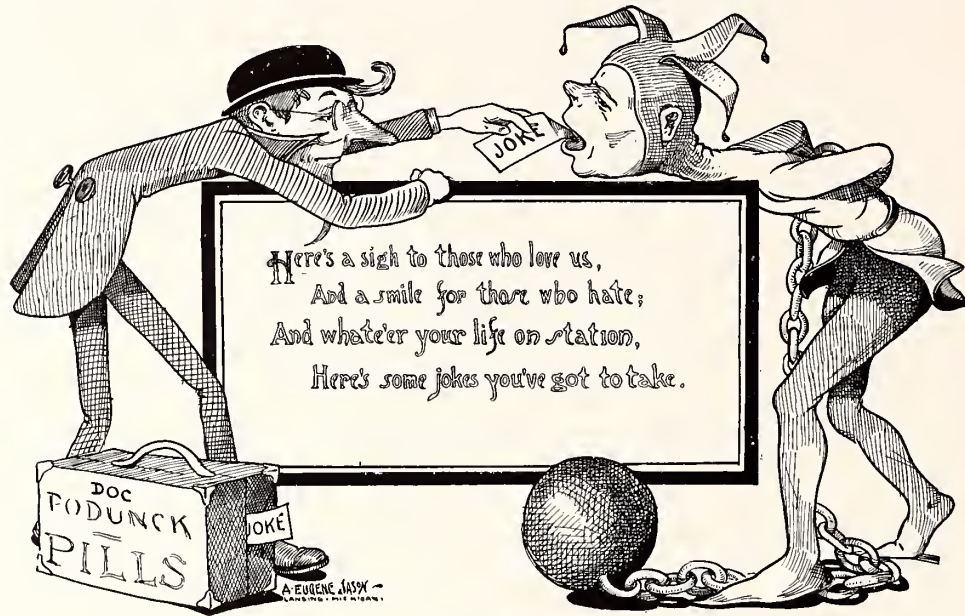
"Now what could the poor boy do?" What would you have done?

H. E. Pressly, center fielder of two years' standing, red-headed (I beg pardon) sandy-headed, is perhaps the fastest man on his feet that we have. You should see him run. Looks like a ball-bearing speed machine.

R. M. Stevenson made his varsity debut during the Macarthy regime; playing first base. "Steve" is a good hitter, and would be a good fielder, but he has that "lame arm."

Last but not least comes our friend, Mr. J. S. Miller. "Jute" first saw baseball light in his Sophomore year. Consequent to his "stage-fright" in the Clemson game of that year, he has been ranked among the best of college outfielders. A ball swatted to the left division of the outer garden is sure to be pocketed by Miller. Be careful, Mr. "Fly," how you venture near his fielding web; you may have to stay for dinner.





“Ode”



In this life's unceasing battle
With its racket and its rattle
And its tittle tittle tattle

Love and hate:

When its winnings and reverses,
And its fat and empty purses,
And its blessings and its curses

Alternate:

When at chances you are grabbing
Into every scheme are dabbling
And at every root are grabbing

Lest you fall:

Have no fear to face the racket
For underneath your business jacket
You have got the force to back it

Which is gall.

College and Campus Calendar of Naughty-Six FOR ONE MONTH

First Day.—Over in the Philomathean Hall to-night McDill was pleading for reforms and radical changes in everything. He had carried his auditors through matchless flights of oratory up to the climax of his speech, when he cried out in all the grandeur of his flaming rhetoric: "Let us do away with this dangerous dispensary system! Let us do away with tobacco in all its forms! Let us cast the cigarette—"

At this point Miller arose in rear of the hall and wanted to know if he understood the gentleman to be a herald of the millenium.

2nd.—On Astronomy this morning Prof. Grier wanted to know how our time and the system of its record were obtained. Jenkins, the faithful friend of Venus, informed him that this information is given us by "the moon's phases."

Prof. Grier.—"Mr. Rabb to sum up your answer, I gather that twilight in its last analysis is a conglomeration of celestial phenomena.

3rd.—"Tommie," on seeing one of the knotty juniors pass his window this afternoon, turned poetic and did the following stunt:

His nose was Greek
Until last week,
For ne'er had he a foeman.
Football he played,
Touch-downs he made,
And now his nose is Roman.

4th.—A Case of Homology.—In Greek Literature, Robinson, giving an answer, says: "It took place in March."

Prof.—"No, it was September."

Robinson.—"Y-a-s, sir; I meant September, but made a slip of the tongue."

5th.—Just after dinner to-day McFerren found Haddon standing in front of college counting very audibly and looking from one side of the campus to the other.

"Why, Sport, what're you doing?"

Haddon, somewhat irritated: "Wait, I saw a lady cross the campus just now and I was trying to see if I could count fifty before Rabb would appear."

"Rabb loves the ladies" is a trite expression in Erskine.

6th.—It was raining yesterday and to-day when Dr. McCain called on Martin for his excuse for being absent, he replied: "The creek was up, Doctor."

7th.—This morning was the Sabbath. Raymond Young, who is rather absent-minded, slept late. Hearing some one fumbling around in his room, he sleepily asked—"Is some one there?"

"No, Samaritan, there is no one here," replied the intruder, knowing Young's easily assured nature.

"I was almost certain," said he to himself, as he turned over for another nap, "that I heard some one."

Sth.—"Are you going out to-day to see the Seniors play football, Bessie?"

Bess.—"I don't understand the game."

Jessie.—"Oh, you don't need to understand the game; you just have to be blood-thirsty."

A West-end Girl.—“Where are you from, Mr. Pearson?”

Pearson.—“Well, I was originally born near Gastonia.”

9th.—In Psychology to-day Jenkins was carrying the ball for a touch-down. “The psychical relations of this experiment are correlated into a very different case in which we have a pressure equal to that which in its finite value offers an hypothesis between the sensations of sound and color which being blended by the wavelengths of the numerous sensory elements and then—”

Dr. Pressly.—“Hold on one minute, Mr. Jenkins, till we catch up.”

10th.—The Junior class to-day decided they could afford to give the Seniors a 50-cent dinner, provided the Senior class could advance something like \$1.25 apiece.

11th.—Rob Patrick, brushing his hair before chapel: “I never want my biography written.”

Caldwell.—“Then you don’t intend your posterity to have any revenge.”

12th.—Miss K. Flenniken.—“To-day is my birthday.”

Bessie Jackson.—“Oh, you’re quite a young kid then to be talking.”

13th.—“To-day is the 13th, and that reminds me, I have thirteen jobs offered me for coming summer,” said McDill at breakfast.

Simpson.—“Well, what are you going to do?”

McDill.—“Don’t know yet. I am waiting for an offer of a situation.”

14th.—Dr. Pressly: “How long did the flood last?”

McCain.—“Seven years, sir.”

15th.—Kirkpatrick got a definition of a “cosy corner” at the D. W. F. C. to-day.

“Good, right this way,” said the thoughtful Senior, “they can’t see us from here.”

It was callers’ day and he had asked his girl to find a “cosy corner” for them.

16th.—Dandridge to-day, while speaking with a Senior who has somewhat of a philosophical turn, asked why Rabb is not so gay as formerly, adding that he used to “smile at all his troubles.”

“Yes,” remarked the serious-minded Senior, “he smiled too much; his troubles found him too agreeable to leave him.”

17th.—Robinson in Astronomy to-day was giving the different kinds of time.—“There’s the Pacific time, Central time, Eastern time, Mountain time, past-time, sometimes, dinner-time, and many other times too numerous to mention.”

18th.—Miss M. Flenniken was in a reminiscent mood to-night: “I thought seriously once,” said she, “of becoming a poet.”

“What changed your mind?” asked McFerrin, catching her spirit of reflection and drawing nearer to the fire.

Miss Margaret (with a catch in her voice).—“Oh, it was all that horrid editor’s fault.”

19th.—Dr. Pressly had a visitor in chapel this morning and wishing to show the demand the world has for Erskine students, asked all who had had employment offered them since matriculating to stand up. The whole Senior class rose. (Nor did any one tell the astonished visitor how much was due to the efforts of the Keystone View Company.)

20th.—Carson, who is somewhat poetical at times, was musing over last night’s call at Wylie Home—

“To kiss a co-ed’s hand is chiv-
Alrous and full of grace;
Yet such a kiss I’m positive
Is rather out of place.”

21st.—Robertson was standing in the church vestibule waiting for the text to be read out so he could report to home folks, when a glib-tongued Fres asked:

“Oh, say, old boy, does your slowness of speech ever trouble you much?”

Robinson (with unusual long-drawn-out emphasis).—“Not any to speak of—except sometimes in answering fool questions?”

22nd.—Chicken feathers found in Stevenson’s room this morning. The gentleman himself is very hoarse and some fear the “still small voice” (his conscience) was strained during last night’s inclement weather.

Simpson got a letter to-day and is beating college to celebrate.

23rd.—Young (Samaritan), while cutting a Fresh’s hair, remarked: “You remind me very much of Tillman.”

Fresh.—“Shape of my head, eh?”

Young.—“No, it’s your breath.”

The following remark was made by a D. W. F. C. girl while out walking this afternoon: “Oh, Dandridge is the most congenial thing you ever saw to be thrown amongst.”

24th.—M. Young made a hit in German this morning giving what he termed the idiotic uses of the article.

A new walk broke out on Pressly, M., and Pharr to-day. Investigation reveals the fact that they are taking secret lessons in jiu-jitsu tricks.

25th.—Devlin awoke Miller at an unusually early hour this morning having found a solution to Dr. McCain’s question, “Why Milton has the devils to build the convention hall of pandemonium,” Devlin says that they were on the outlook for all kinds of weather.

Martin became impatient at the class meeting saying: “I wish those three prodigals would come on.”

26th.—Haddon grew very figurative on English to-day, saying among other things: “Memory is a Nemesis that is constantly on our trail.”

Dr. McCain (whose faith in poetic justice is not to be questioned).—“I suspect, Mr. Haddon, that it is rather a cold trail sometimes with some of you.”

27th.—To-day is Saturday, mill-day—and speaking of mills, reminds me of the following:

Caldwell.—“What does Rabb ha! ha! at everything here for?”

Miller.—“Oh, his hilarity is merely hunting a mill for its grist.”

28th.—Dr. Pressly.—“Now Mr. Martin, you may tell us all you know about Samson.”

Martin.—“Doctor, I don’t know much about him. ‘cept he didn’t stand in very well with the Philistines.”

Moffat Pressly was at church to-day.

In Y. M. C. A.—“Miller, will you lead?”

Miller (waking up).—“Excuse me, I just now dealt.”

29th.—Dr. Pressly this morning, seeing but three Seniors in chapel, wished to

know if the Senior class was wanting another appropriation, as he saw a committee from that class present.

30th.—Heard over the breakfast table:

Long.—“Did you steal a kiss at the soiree last night?”

McDill (who is taking extra Bible this year).—“No, but I ran across a free-ill offering.”

Lon.—“Hope it wasn’t the widiw’s mite.”

McDill (somewhat confused).—“Well, you might say it was. It was her only daughter.”

1906 is destined to be a memorable year in more places than Erskine—

“Once more we realize that we

Are in the awful fix:

We’ve read the symptoms printed in

The almanacs, and sure as sin

We’ll have them all in 1906.”

Hunter, Stevenson and Mason Young were selected by the class to make out a few stunts in orthography, using the initial letters of the class. They reported that owing to the scarcity of initial vowels in the class (not a member’s name beginning with a vowel) they were unable to spell anything. We think this committee could have made out at least one word if they had not been so



S STEVENSON

H HUNTER

Y YOUNG



Election Returns



In order that certain distinguishing traits and characteristics might be better identified among the boys of Naughty-Six a class election was held. But with the exception of two or three honors (?) there were no "landslides." "However, all," to quote from the medal orator, "cannot get the prize." Some excellent members of the class have failed, so far as the vote shaws, to excel in any one thing. They call themselves "the Mediocrists, treading life's golden mean." Like warm butter on dormitory toast, they have spread their virtues and vices alike over the rough corners of college life. There is a pretty general satisfaction, however, over the result—those who got the sweet morsels are like the man with the booby prize (but that's too long for here); those to whom the unsweetened pies have fallen content themselves with the thought that it's less fortifying to find one's position below the average in popularity than to discover that he is insignificant, and that indifference is harder to bear than open rebuke.

The class selected as its most popular member Mr. Thomas Hemphill McDill and as next to him in this respect Mr. Paul Pressly McCain.

Haddon stands out from the class as its handsomest boy; Rabb getting second place.

Long of Gastonia, North Carolina, is the most ambitious, and in this respect he finds affinity in Dandridge.

Of all the unconcerned Brown Martin heads the list, Moffatt Pressly coming second.

R. L. Patrick heads the list as the most conceited. Henry Pressly receives the next highest vote.

Knowing that the parents or guardians at home could never (after having so many call for money) believe any boarding student to be miserly, the class bestows this honor upon Due West boys, viz.: J. R. Devlin and Brown Martin.

William M. McFerrin and J. Roddy Devlin had a close race for the most conscientious. McFerrin came out with a small lead.

McDill and Haddon hold respectively the highest and second highest places for Dignity.

There is no longer any doubt that youth is tender and womanly, since Mason Young and Raymond Young respectively get the largest and next to the largest number of votes for the most effeminate.

There must be some grace-producing elixir near Winnsboro, as Miss K. Flenniken and Mr. H. Pressly of that place are declared the most graceful members of ninety-six.

McAnley is the most original, Miller next.

If Grace Ward(s) off thoughtlessness we see no reason why Grier Carson should have gotten the highest vote for the most absent-minded. Mason Young and Robinson tie for second place.

Killough Patrick is biggest spend-thrift. Dandridge makes a close second.

"We're the dudes, the dandy dudes,
 Can't you tell by the clothes that we wear?
 We're the dudes, the dandy dudes,
 Can't you tell by the cut of our hair?"

—Pressly, H. E. and K. Patrick.

Caldwell gets a heavy vote for the biggest "forbidden loafer," K. Patrick also runs well.

Dandridge is the biggest booter. Bob Patrick comes next.

Jenkins of Sharpe fame is the greatest flirt. Killough Patrick and Hazel Pharr are making faces in the glass for second place.

McDill and Dandridge tie for the biggest booster. Caldwell, however, holds undisputed sway to second honor.

The biggest beat is Walter May Hunter. Dandridge is next.

Miller makes a hit as the biggest clown. He finds a worthy substitute in Robinson.

The question box goes to Mason Young; two votes, however, fell to K. Patrick and R. Young.

Pressly, H. E., is biggest dreamer. McDill and Pearson are "cutting" for second place.

Little Moffatt Pressly is the biggest eater. Mr. Stevenson is said to be next.

The most homely is John B. Pearson; Kirkpatrick polling a small vote.

Brown Martin got highest vote for the laziest. McAuley and Haddon pull straws for second place.

The drollest went to Robinson without much opposition. Martin, Miller and Pharr tie for second place.

The only tie for a first honor is for the wisest, between Pearson and Patrick. Long, McFerrin, McCain, Devlin and Miss K. Flenniken each receive two votes.

Miller is the wittiest, McAuley next.

With little effort Hunter and Rabb vote for the noisest boys.

Rabb is also voted the greatest ladiesman; Grier Carson and Rob Patrick no doubt will fight a duel for second place.

Simpson gets highest vote for shyness. Jenkins and Robinson will watch for second place.

The hardest worker is John Roddy Devlin. Simpson is entitled to second place.

"I'll not marry at all, at all"—a duet by Misses K. Flenniken and Jackson will perhaps reveal to whom the votes for old maid have gone.

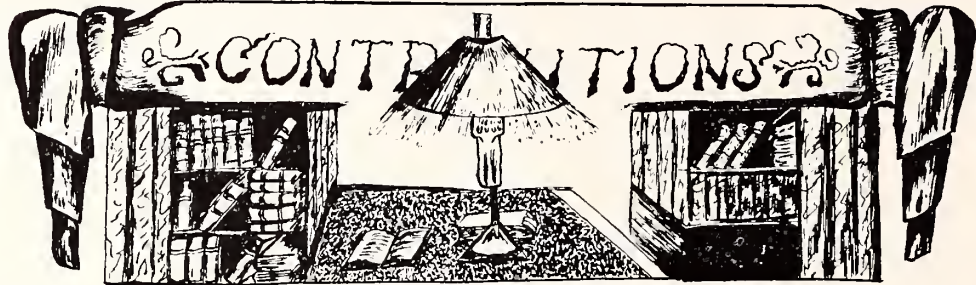
"I'm determined to be an old bach"—chorus by Martin, Simpson and Robinson on reading the result of the old bachelor vote.

Henry Pressly is the hardest to please. Paul McCain ranks next to him in this respect.

The best O. K. student is Edgar Long, who, as mentioned before, is from North Carolina. "Just as the sun went down" the election was called off but not before another light had arisen and declared that Thomas McDill had polled the second highest vote for best O. K. student.

CLASS FAVORITES

CLASS	FAVORITE DISH.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	OBJECT IN COMING TO COLLEGE.
Caldwell.	Molasses.	Loafing "Forbidden."	"Let's sing 'Chicken.'"	To Study Politics.
Carson.	Wylie's Best.	Entertaining Fresh.	"Big Time!"	To sing in Y. M. C. A.
Dandridge.	Lady Fingers.	Pan-Agency.	"Have one on me."	To get out of Tennessee.
Devlin.	Ambrosia.	Playing Croquet.	"Hey!"	To make "A's."
K. Flenniken.	Onions.	Reading Astronomy.	"That's beyond the limit."	To drive off the blues.
M. Flenniken.	"Kisses."	Cooking.	"Oh! how fine."	To look modest.
Haddon.	Uneeda Biscuits.	Strolling, Strolling.	"Tell me something."	To take a Gal-away.
Hunter.	Pickels.	Doing Vocal Stunts.	"White folks in the yard."	To attend Soirees.
B. Jackson.	Anything Sweet.	Looking in the Glass.	"Oh, my love."	{ To escape matrimonial em- barrassments.
Jenkins.	Sweet Potatoes.	Making "Wickets."	"I'll tell you, boys."	To get Sharp(e).
Kirkpatrick.	French Mixtures.	Playing the Guitar.	"Sh-o-o-o!"	To find a habitation.
Long.	Soft Toast.	Going around the "Corner."	"How do I look?"	To play ball.
Martin.	Preparations, Laboratory	Beating Bible.	"Hi! There!"	To kill time.
McAulay.	Potato Pudding.	Telling Jokes.	"None of your business."	To imitate people.
McCain.	Mother's Oats.	Selling Views.	"Dr., that's too long."	To get wisdom.



(Address of Mr. Julian S. Miller, representing the Philomathean Society at the Centennial Celebration of the Literary Societies of South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C., February 6th, 1906.)

Mr. President, Members of the Literary Societies of South Carolina College, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Instinctive in the human heart are the impulses of veneration, gratitude and reverence. Universal as the race of man is the feeling that glows with rapture at the mention of honours achieved by the wisdom or sacrifice of mankind. Mention the birthday of national freedom and in the breasts of thousands of thousands you touch a chord that echoes in repose; mention some famous victory of sceptre or sword and in the bosom of every man, savage or civilized, you strike a harp-string of reverence.

We have assembled to-day to commemorate an event in the history of this institution and in the history of the Literary organizations of South Carolina, equally as deserving of our veneration, in one respect, as any treasured victory of ancient conquest. We have assembled to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of two societies that have contributed far more to South Carolina College; far more to South Carolina Commonwealth, if you please, than is within the limit of our time to relate or within the scope of our wisdom to conceive.

The nineteenth century shall go down in history as remarkable for its reformation as for its wonderful and unparalleled achievements. Within the confines of its years the social life of the American Republic has received a powerfully stimulating impulse. In the material world, mechanical power has substituted itself for muscular effort and thereby has civilization been revolutionized. In the intellectual world science has transformed ideas, and leaping the trammels of hitherto revered traditions, she has filled the store-houses of mind with better learning and better wisdom. And so far as we can see, no other factor has wielded a more extensive and more potent influence in this marked transformation than the tendency toward 'higher education' so prevalent for the past century in the colleges of the land. Remote as the college may seem from the practical, every day life of the common people, as intangible and invisible as may seem its effect upon 'society' in its more commonly recognized term, undoubtedly its influence is both pervasive and persistent.

In thus contributing to civilization, however, I believe that the Literary Society has been the widest channel and most effective medium through which the colleges have given this powerful stimulus. Aside from the discipline offered by a regular

college curriculum, these organizations afford a training that is indispensable and far-reaching in moulding the character of an age or a nation. It furnishes some opportunity of reducing the theoretical knowledge to practical application and thereby offers to 'society' specimens of a culture beyond the power of a college proper to bestow. And more important still, a Literary Society affords a perfectly healthful and commanding atmosphere in teaching the young mind the art of living with his fellowmen. With this, says one, no other knowledge is comparable. Man does well to aspire to the mastery of arguments and ideas; but to know how to advance one's self and others through his fellowmen, how to maintain a perfect equanimity amongst the swirl of passion,—that, says he, is life's task.

And so, Mr. President and members of the Literary Societies of this institution, I am here to-day in a representative capacity to participate in this auspicious occasion. From the Philomathean Society of Erskine College I bear most gracious greeting. I convey to you all the good will and congratulations of one who is striving with you and co-operating with you in advancing the universal well-being of mankind. Philomatheia rejoices that for one hundred years you have existed as two strong arms of this prosperous institution. She rejoices that for one hundred years you have contributed to the attainment of our common social ideal. And with all the grace of fraternal kindness and fellowship, she bids me hope for you a future, long and peaceful,—bids me hope that you may yet stand for ages as a strong and firm fortress to the State's treasure-house of manhood and nobility,—bids me hope that through all the coming years your lives may be marked by the visitations and smiles and favors of fortune,—bids me hope that you may continue to send forth men who will be an ornament to mankind, a blessing to your State, and an honor to your God.

(Address delivered by Mr. R. L. Patrick, representing the Euphemian Society at the Centennial Celebration of the Literary Societies of the South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C., February 6, 1906.)

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Euphradian and Clariosophic Societies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with pleasure that I appear today as the representative of the Euphemian Society of Erskine College. I come bearing the congratulations of co-laborers, who like you are toiling up the heights to gain a coveted summit,—a summit which is reached only when the well-rounded character has been attained,—a summit which may be so entrenched and fortified as to render it forever impregnable. In the realization of this perfect character, in the building of these granite virtues which alone can make a character pure and durable, we recognize no more potent force than the social and intellectual commingling of men with a common purpose,—the pursuit of knowledge and the incorporation of wisdom into the heart of hearts.

To you as members of these societies which are now rounding the century mark, I extend the felicitations of the Euphemian Society, and as I extend to you these pledges of our good will, I give utterance to the larger hope that one hundred years from today these halls shall again be filled with scholars gathered from every section to celebrate the second centennial anniversary of your founding. And ever, gentlemen, as the years roll away into the centuries, and the centuries into the ages,

may your influence live, long after the granite of your walls has crumbled; and until all the records of human achievement have been finally closed, may the influence that is engendered in your literary societies never cease to make itself felt upon the upward tread of human hope and human endeavor.

It is a great commission that has been given to you, gentlemen. A century filled to the uttermost with achievement, looks down upon you, expecting the new century, of which the opening years are in your hands, to equal and even surpass the services and triumphs of the last hundred years. Right well have the literary societies of the South Carolina College fulfilled their mission in completing the training that cannot be finished in the class-room; and right well have their sons wrought in the larger affairs of life. A glorious heritage, rich in things accomplished, is yours today; and with this heritage the hope of greater things to come.

To refer to the honored great who have gone out from Carolina's walls would be but to enumerate Carolinians who have played eminent parts in our own State and in every State into which they have gone. But were you to strike from your rolls every name but one—and that the name of the late lamented Prof. R. Means Davis—the college which nurtured his budding genius and sent him forth into the world with ripened intellect, would have a right to life immortal. Other men just as great have been students at this institution; there have been others who have won more of the world's meed of fame; but no other Carolinian ever bore in his life more indisputable evidences of true greatness—that meek and unassuming greatness of heart which outvies fame and honor and riches in holding its place in the human memory. For this one man, were there no others, South Carolina College might well celebrate this centennial anniversary; but I rejoice that the greatness which found expression in the lamented Davis is but the spirit of this College—large and ample temperament which recognizes the enfranchisement of every spirit that moves for enlightenment through the working out of ideals. As a man genuinely interested in the spread of historic truths and the inculcation of high ideals, Prof. Davis is notable among Southern educators; and as a man especially influential in bringing about more fraternal feeling among our various institutions, both State and denominational, he deserves a warm spot in our memory.

This occasion might well be thought of as carrying forward this great work of fellowship which he so nobly began. We choose to regard it as such; and, to the attainment of higher educational ideals as they affect the human character which we are jointly striving to build, we pledge our earnest and hearty support, hoping in all the years to come to join with you in work that shall make our present age remembered, even when we, the humble workers, have long since passed from the field of action. In all your efforts, therefore, through all time to come, to secure the fulfillment of all your worthy purposes let me assure you, gentlemen, that the Euphemian Society of Erskine College, bids you Godspeed.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE ENGLISH RACE.

BY P. P. MCCAIN.

We rejoice that England and America are at peace. The threatening cloud of fierce animosity caused by the clash of a bloody revolution has vanished. It has given way, like darkness before dawn, to the glorious sunlight of union and perpetual brotherhood. England, the time-honored mother, and America, her worthy

offspring, though separated by the broad expanse of a trackless ocean, are bound together by the ties of a common heredity, a common language, and a common sentiment. They are one race with the same energy, same strength, same beauty. We Americans rejoice in hearing the praises of old England sung; for we share in common the glories of the English race—the race, as we believe, destined to sway the empire of the world.

Its destiny rests not upon idle hope, but upon the nobility of its character. In its very origin the race reveals its greatness. It is a giant oak whose roots, trunk and branches are the sturdy Anglo-Saxons, and whose leaves and twigs are the polished Normans. Just as the leaves and twigs add beauty to the oak, so the grace, wit, foresight and ingenuity of the Norman blend with the energy, boldness, vigor and stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon and complete the symmetry of this race. It has imbibed the noblest characteristics of both nations, so that in the veins of the English people flows the blood of earth's chosen heroes, and in their hearts are enshrined the principles that make a people great.

The secret of its greatness lies in its emphasis upon private life. Its controlling principle is that all men are created free and equal. The commonwealth, not the lords and nobles, is the source of its greatness. Note how great a contrast with the French sentiment, characterized by Louis XIV, when he said: "I am the State." English sentiment says that rulers and kings serve their time and die, but the nation never dies; it lives in the hearts of its people. "The royal policy of this or that sovereign might seem at any stage of national progress to be the one policy. But underneath the ripples of change, the surface commotions of man's passions and greed, the calm tide of English nationalism rose and fell, obeying higher laws than the edicts of kings or parliaments." From Canute to Edward VII, from Washington to Roosevelt, this tide has been controlled for men and not by men.

Such a policy is but the natural outgrowth of the race. Within the breasts of Englishmen has ever raged the love of freedom—freedom from the dominion of any other nation, freedom from the reign of tyrants, freedom to think for themselves, freedom to worship God. Inspired by this love, they crushed the European powers that threatened to dim the luster of their glory, gave the death blow to feudalism, established a parliament, and dethroned the vagrant tyrants, Richard II., Charles I., and James II. Under its influence the commonwealth threw off the sovereignty of the Pope and determined "that no Italian priest should tithe or toll in their dominion." How great a credit to the English love of freedom that it was the agent which first jarred the foundation of Catholicism—that monster whose brute control checked for centuries the progress of the world!

In defending its liberty the race has manifested a spirit of bravery which holds the world spellbound with wonder. English soldiers and seamen face willingly the storming shot and shell of a thousand cannon. They ride without a tremor into the very jaws of death. With what a thrill of admiration we think of the charge of the light brigade!

"Honor the charge they made,
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred."

Look at Henry V. at Agincourt, Wellington at Waterloo, Washington at Yorktown, Lee at Gettysburg, Hobson at Santiago, and see in them the bravery of the race.

But, thanks to the English spirit, this bravery is not restricted to the battlefield. Even common citizens in the everyday walks of life display it. What truer bravery can mortals show than that of the Englishmen at the wreck of the Birkenhead? The good ship, crowded with men and women, crashed at sunset upon a hidden rock.

“‘Out with those boats, and let us haste away!’
Cried one, ‘ere yet yon sea the bark devours.’
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care,
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Till our good colonel gave the word,
And there formed us in line to die.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again and yet again,
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in that bloody surf;
They sleep as well, and, roused from their wild grave,
As others under turf.

They sleep as well, and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds, like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones not in vain.”

Glory and honor to the brave! The examples of such men never die, but, like their memories, are immortal.

The English race, acting under the influence of such pre-eminent characteristics, has brightened the prospects of the world. It has scaled the cloudy summits of achievement in government, in science, in art, and in literature. “Its social and political system is more favorable to material development than any other system ever devised by man.” Its system of government is at once the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. Its laws, founded upon the laws of God, are the most just, most free and most liberal. In a word, it is modern Rome for government, modern Greece for art and culture. In science, it has searched out the laws and secrets of the firmament, explained the harmony of the spheres, drawn electricity from the heavens, transformed it into light, energy and motion, and harnessed it for the use of man. In uninspired literature it has reached the pinnacle of human perfection. From this race have sprung those bards sublime, “whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time.” It nourished the most transcendent genius that ever lifted pen—Shakespeare, Grecian Homer, Italian Dante, German Goethe,

the uninspired of all races and all ages "must pale their ineffectual fire in the sunlight of this poet and prophet, historian and seer."

So must all races and all nations acknowledge the mighty superiority of the English race. Greeks and Romans enjoyed but a moment of brilliant success. They ruled others, themselves they could not rule. The English race, having first learned to rule itself, has gained dominion over more than half the human race. It carries the hopes of all mankind. May the time soon come when, under its influence, all peoples, nations and languages shall be united into a common brotherhood. May it be God's agent, as we hope it will, in silencing the roll of the war drum, and in establishing peace on earth and good will among men.

P. P. McCAIN.

THE CRY FOR FREEDOM.

(Senior oration of Mr. E. G. Carson, delivered at the semi-annual celebration of the Philomathean Society, January 26th, 1906.)

The desire for freedom is a principle of universal scope. This principle is heaven-born, antedating history; and it prevails to-day more powerfully than ever before. Every man held in subjection has abiding in his breast continually this longing for freedom. A truth revealed to our forefathers by reason of their environment was, that liberty is the common birthright of man; and this they embodied in the opening words of the matchless product of human genius, the American Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Naturally, then, does the voice of protest arise when one is denied the privileges which are one's divinely appointed right to enjoy. To enjoy liberty untrammelled is the universal desire of man. Man was created for a high and holy purpose, being made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor. By nature he is a dignified being, by nature he is capable of enjoying the highest privileges of a free moral being.

The cry of freedom is natural again, because of the bond of sympathy which binds humanity together and makes it one. Just as when one member of the human body suffers, every other member suffers in sympathy with the afflicted part; just so does one portion of the great body of humanity respond grandly to the sufferings of another. Humanity is linked together in bonds of sympathy. When the tyrant's power becomes galling, be this where it may, the oppressed subjects arise determined to end despotic rule. Then oppressed subjects everywhere catch the contagion and arise, as if by magic, in one united effort to throw off the detested yokes of bondage. The loud, clear, clarion call of freedom sounded in America, and the oppressed of fair France and all Europe heard it. The voice of freedom but recently spoke in Russia, and the oppressed of all lands have heard. In Russia, in Hungary, in Finland, and even in the jungles of Africa, the spirit of liberty is awakening—awakening in response to civilization's rapid advance.

And that nation which has shed its best blood to gain its freedom always contains a larger per cent of citizens who are most willing to sacrifice their lives in behalf of another's liberty. Through seven long years of deadly conflict, the American

colonists gained their world-famed freedom. It was the noble progeny of these brave men that liberated the Cubans, struggling vainly against an obdurate foe. The cry of the oppressed will ever raise its voice and gain the nations' ear. Champions of freedom immortalize themselves in the hearts of a sympathetic race. The cause can never die; "Freedom's fame finds wings in every wind." Wordsworth says of Toussaint L'Overture, the imprisoned chief of the down-trodden slaves of Hayti:

"Though fallen thyself never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind."

Milton labored incessantly and intently in behalf of English freedom, and he did not pour out his life in vain "in Liberty's defense;" nor did he die unlamented, unappreciated, forgotten. No more glowing tribute could be paid any man than this:

"Milton thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee. She is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hast a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The desire for freedom is but the usual promptings of the human heart; it is the soul's laying claim to something which is justly its own. History proves that this burning love for liberty is a characteristic of the human race; it shows by examples without number that God and civilization's mighty tread take the part of the oppressed, proving that their cause is just.

Yet subjects ardently desiring freedom have not always realized the happy consummation of their hearts' fondest wish. Through a lack of determination on their own part, or held down by a tyrant's relentless sway, they have been compelled to submit to all kinds of impositions and tortures. But they perish; and along with them perish the nation's hopes. The nation that oppresses her subjects without mercy is doomed, and will fall the victim of her own cruelty. Spain, once proud mistress of the world, oppressed her subjects; and the new century was ushered in to behold the last receding rays of Spanish glory fade from the sea. The English people, on

the other hand, strong and daring, have had implanted within them, from the very first, seeds of freedom. As early as the thirteenth century the nobles wrested from King John the Great Charter of English liberties, and from that time forth the people have triumphed gloriously in their demands. Whenever necessity demanded it, they have many times asserted their rights and ended a cruel reign. The people are greater than the king, is the principle that has guided them; and as an assurance that the nation's destiny is in no way linked with that of the sovereign, upon his death the cry is: "The king is dead; God save the king!" Step by step the people have won their freedom, "known to Europe, known to all," until to-day their government is altogether as democratic as our own. The nation, it is true, has erred in the past, but she has always proved herself a diligent student and profited by unhappy experiences. No better example of this could be found than that England learned from the loss of her American colonies. She then awoke to a clear, true sense of her responsibility, and changed her colonial policy; and to-day the sun never sets on British possessions.

The English regard as a priceless legacy their freedom, so dearly bought; and recognize in it the salvation of mankind. They would part with it only with parting life.

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
of British freedom . . .
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. . . .
We must be free or die who speaks the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Happy are the people cherishing such lofty ideals; secure are life and property where such conditions exist, in a country where the predominating influence is love, among a people "strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Contrast, if you please, with this happy condition the hard, degraded lot assigned to the unhappy subjects of Russia. She, without a heart that feels for her subjects, without a strong statesman to bear rule in the interests of her people, denies them every right sacred to the human heart. Terrible indeed must be the condition of a people, in this advanced age, deprived of all political power, sinking lower and lower in their degradation and ruin. No wonder that autocratic power could not stand before the fierce onsets of Japan's brave warriors. In Russia for centuries the people have been denied the fundamentals of civilized government—freedom in its broadest form. But like the oppressed Israelites of old, their cries have reached high Heaven; and the Heaven's eternal King is on their side. The people are determined to be free or die, to overthrow the last vestige of autocracy unless the promised boon is speedily granted them. Their watchword is: "Bread to the workmen! Land to the peasants! Liberty to the people!" And this cry must inevitably prevail, or the last of the Romanoffs will end his peaceful days wandering on a foreign shore.



CAMPUS VIEWS.

DEBATE OF LONG.

(Debate of Mr. Edgar Long at Semi-Annual Celebration of Philomathean Society, January, 1906, Representing Affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That Congress Should Give to the Inter-State Commerce Commission the Power to Regulate Freight Rates in the United States.)

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen.

"Jones pays the freight;" but Jones does not always pay the rate which he ought.

The first speaker of the evening has presented to you some of the evils of the day connected with our railroad freight rates. He has told you of the evils of unjust discrimination, of preferentials, personal favoritisms, and of other means whereby one man is given undue advantage over another. He has told you how there has been an universal cry for equality, for freedom from abuse, for justice—how there has arisen a demand that into these already plainly evident evils there must be brought the protective influence of legislative regulation.

Another form of wrong practice by our railroads to-day, and which has grown so black and so fiendish as to compel especial consideration, is the system of rebates. Simply put, a rebate is nothing more nor less than a restitution made by the railroads to the shipper of a part of the original price paid for freight transportation. I would have you note in the beginning that no rebate, under any circumstances whatever, can be justifiable; for by rebates the weak shipper is without cause and wrongly made strong, and the the justly strong shipper is torn away from an honest business to give place to scoundrels and railroad nursed devils. No rebate, then, can be fair, and no case of rebating justified; but you would be surprised to know to what extent this undemocratic procedure has been carried by our railroads. By rebates towns have been wiped out of existence, unbusiness-like rascals have been given the habitation and name of gentlemen, still retaining their rascality; because of rebates such financial gluttons as the Armours, as Rockefeller, have been created—enemies to the best social, political, industrial and moral interests that man has known. Right here we might say that rebates arise partly from greed, partly from the nature of frenzied competition, and partly from compulsion on the part of the trusts. To such extent has the practice grown that at present there are fourteen (14) indictments in the United States District Court at Kansas City against rebaters, and similar cases have arisen in Chicago, Philadelphia, and other places. To illustrate, you and I would have to pay 23½ cents per 100 pounds for the carriage of dressed beef from Omaha to Chicago. Armour pays 16 cents for the same carriage. And this is by no means a fairy tale. It is down in sworn testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission that such rebates have been paid to Mr. Ogden G. Armour. Even Paul Morton, late of the President's cabinet and formerly Vice-President of the Santa Fe railroad, has testified with a boldness little short of amazing that his company has given rebates, and that it has even signed contracts to do so, although they knew at the time that such a practice was in open defiance of the law. Mr. C. J. Grammer, traffic manager of the Lake Shore, and Mr. A. C. Bird of the Milwaukee railways, as well as Mr. Mitchell of the Michigan Central, have admitted that they have paid rebates and that they have paid them in large amounts and with regularity.

For these evils then, whereby equality and fairness are destroyed, there should be some remedy. Freight rates, we claim, should be regulated by law, and I propose to show you that the proper power to regulate these rates is the Interstate Commerce Commission, that this commission, the legality of which has been shown you by my colleague, can most fairly and expeditiously remedy these evils. You have seen the evident unfitness of leaving this power of regulation in the hands of the courts, in the hands of the President, of leaving it to Congress as a body, and we wish to make plain to you that it is as equally unfit to leave this power in the hands of the railroads. Do you ask me why? They have already proven their inability to manage the question. Cases are found where they have repeatedly sworn that they have stopped rebating, yet the practice continues with them from day to day. There are at present 2,000 railway companies, and out of this number only one railway has taken an active, aggressive stand against rebating. Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has succeeded in literally wiping out the cursed practice; but, honorable judges, remember, please, that he is one man out of two thousand, a poor percent indeed. Nor will one railroad testify against another. Not a single railway company has given help in the prosecution of the cases of the Missouri and Pacific, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railways in the rebate and discrimination charges. They flatly refuse to give the proper evidence against each other,—evidence which, if brought to light, would create a revolution in freight rate circles, evidence which would imprison, expose, and justify. Now let me warn you not to be alarmed if any should seek to pacify you by telling you that the railroads have resolved to obey the law. When, I ask you, have they so resolved? Only after the penetrating searchlight of popular investigation has been thrown on them, only since their rascality has been made a matter of publicity. Listen,—I refer you to the press of the country, both North and South, on this matter. The Savannah News says: "It seems as if the railroads have come to the conclusion that rate legislation is sure to be enacted, and as if they are preparing to get the best terms they can." Watch the railroads, I beg you; they are tricky. The New York Journal of Commerce says: "That after the passage of the Elkins Law of February, 1903, rebating slackened for a bit, but soon sprang up again in disguised forms," such as the underbilling of consignments, cut-rate and cut-throat icing and switching charges. The Chicago Tribune warns us that unfortunately "Railway agreements are not always lived up to." No, the present behavior of the railroads is not a measure of philanthropy, but just common decency. I repeat that you cannot leave the power of regulating freight rates to these undutiful, unbonded, unrestrained railroads, and since the other suggested plans have been proven to show incompetency to meet the need, I claim great things for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

But the honorable gentlemen of the other side may claim that it would be placing too great power into the hands of too few men,—a surface argument merely. I would have you note, sirs, that rate-making to-day is controlled by a mere handful of men, nine great kings in rate-making, absolute dictators. There are numerous rate-makers of course, but they are subordinates, have no voice in rate-making. And no wonder that there are so many men employed! Rates change 274 times per day, nearly 100,000 times per year, a useless and unreasonable state of affairs. Give the power to regulate freight rates to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and there need be no more men employed in rate-making than are employed in fixing

the price of a government postage stamp, or of the lawful passenger rate in the United States. And with reference to delegating too great power to small commissions, I refer you to the examples given you by my colleague, Mr. Harrison, where he has shown you that the power to rule in the Philippine Islands is given to a special commission, and where the power to legislate in the Federal Territories is given to the Territories themselves. Again, take the Supreme Court of the United States. Consider what a vast amount of power there is embodied in that august assembly. Yet you would not dare accuse the Supreme Court of weakness. Who settled the late war between Russia and Japan? Not armies finally, but commissions, plenipotentiaries in the true sense of the word, commissions which met at Portsmouth, N. H., in the year 1905 and there did what force of arms could not do. It is by no means an impossible task for the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate freight rates. Practically only considerations of "wisdom and expediency" are needed. Yes, better a fewness of honest men, than a multiplicity of scoundrels; better the Interstate Commerce Commission, sworn and bonded to do its duty, than these great unrestrained, uncontrolled, soulless railroads.

Again, my opponents may urge that we are working for governmental control of railways. That's not the idea. I believe that governmental control of railways would entail untold disaster. Remember, please that the Interstate Commerce Commission is to be a physician and not a boss. Its prime purpose is not full control, but "the power to cure an evil," when that evil is found. We do not advocate the fool-hardy idea of taking railway management out of the hands of experienced railroad men and putting it in the hands of inexperienced government employees. We only want to make the railroads do the right as the right is seen. Railroads are highways for the public, just as much so as the dirt road, and from the standpoint of democracy, in the interest of equality and freedom, the government has the right, and should exercise that right, of seeing that none of its citizens shall be unjustly treated or oppressed. Cromwell's words are: "If there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not the commonwealth." I repeat that the Interstate Commerce Commission should have the power to regulate freight rates in the United States, that it is the proper body.

Congress thought so when it formerly gave this power to the Commission. It is sometimes denied that Congress meant to invest this power in the Commission, but that it really meant to confer the power is seen from the following facts: 1. There was an agitation in 1887, and the Interstate Commerce Act of that year was enacted in answer to a demand for freight regulation. 2. These words are used in the heading of the bill, "With power to supervise and regulate carrying charges on all railroads." 3. A debate in the House between Mr. Edmunds of Vermont and Messrs. Vest of Missouri and Ingalls of Kansas went in favor of the advisability of freight regulation. 4. The Commission exercised this power of freight rate regulation until 1897 when it was found that there was some defect in the wording of the original bill, although its spirit was correct. Listen to the "North American Review" a moment: "For many years, it was thought that the Interstate Commerce Commission had power to prescribe a tariff of rates for the future. For ten years or more the decisions of that tribunal were rendered on that theory; and its decisions were acquiesced in until the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the language of the statute did not, directly or indirectly, confer the right on the

Commission. During these years, the business interests of the country, as well as the railroad companies, flourished. The relations between the people and the railroads were as happy as marriage bells. It was only after it became known that such power was not really granted that the trouble began. And after years of such experience and the abuse of railroad transportation, public interests and the welfare of our country demand that new provisions be made to remedy the existing evils." We, the affirmative, then, because of what the Interstate Commerce Commission has done, and because of what it can do, propose to restore its vitality on the following grounds:

The Interstate Commerce Commission could expedite business. It can, to a certain degree, be one bureau of supervising and prosecuting machinery. At present, a shipper's complaint against the railroad goes to the Interstate Commerce Commission, then through three Federal Courts, and finally to the Supreme Court. There he has to institute suit against the railroad, and if others have been wronged, they, separately, have to follow the same proceedings. Thus there is a great waste of time, money and talent, which could be saved, if the matter were allowed to stop with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission, too, is on hand at any and all times. It is created for the business of regulating freight rates, and the unfairly treated small shipper's complaint receives prompt attention. He does not have to undergo the risk of becoming bankrupt while awaiting the decision of a snail-moving court.

Furthermore, the Interstate Commerce Commission is a fair tribunal. Its members are to be in no way connected with railway management, or if they are, are to be men whose honesty and integrity is not to be doubted. There can be no opportunity for favoritism or for prejudice. The Interstate Commerce Commission is composed of men selected by the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate (notice that, please), selected only after careful consideration, selected with reference to their business ability, their honesty; men whose moral character has stood the test, men who can be neither bribed, bought, nor bullied. They are free-thinking and state-serving men who, being non-partisan, can hardly fail to do their sworn duty.

They are, moreover, experienced in the manipulation of our commercial interests. They know railroad conditions, because for 19 long years they have made them a special study, and if they are given the power to regulate freight rates, which we sincerely hope will be the case, they will have further opportunity to become versed in the varying needs of freight rate regulation,—they can better cure existing evils. No court or system of courts, no jury under the sun can as fairly regulate differences between railroad and shipper as can this Commission. They simply don't know the circumstances.

Before closing we wish to establish the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be as much a boon to the railroads as to the shippers. Millions upon millions of dollars each year are drained from railroad treasuries and poured into the pockets of such unruly monsters as the beef trust and the oil trust. The Commission, with its fairness, with its wisdom, with its justice, with its power, could watch dishonest shippers, could watch dishonest railroads, and could thereby establish a wholesome equilibrium. Mr. A. C. Bird, Third Vice-President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, at the twelfth annual

convention of railroad commissioners on May 28-29, 1900, at Milwaukee, advised that Congress confer upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to regulate freight rates. Yes, it would benefit the railroads as a whole, and this fact, added to the others above, makes the Commission the sought-for panacea.

May the day soon come when the humble, honest shipper, the big shipper and the railroad shall receive every one his dues. Let the Interstate Commerce Commission have the physician's place 'mid railroad diseases. Give it, and you'll never be sorry, the power to regulate freight rates in the United States; so that the law may be available to the humblest shipper in the land, that individuals and communities may be treated with universal fairness, that our financial interests, largely controlled by freight transportation, may be safely guarded by law. This done, the railroads, these modern King Canutes, can no longer command the incoming tide to recede, but must forever give heed to the mightily roll and swell of popular opinion.

These, gentlemen, are the facts in the case. I leave the question with you.

EDGAR LONG, '06.

DEBATE OF CALDWELL.

(Debate of Mr. W. F. Caldwell at semi-annual celebration of the Eupemian Society, February 9th, 1906, representing the negative side of the question, Resolved, That Politics offer a better field for usefulness than Journalism.)

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen: Journalism offers a better field for usefulness than politics in that politics are largely dependent upon journalism for the dissemination and propagation of its principles. To be successful, a politician must have the aid of journalism, for through this medium he makes known his views, and the principles for which he stands. His views and platforms are published in the newspapers, and magazines. If it were not for the newspapers, the politician would be practically unknown. We know politics from what we read of them in the papers. Take for instance such a politician as W. J. Bryan. The knowledge we have of him, and his work is through this channel. If his name and the principles for which he stands had not been published (in the papers) how many of us would ever have heard of him? It was largely through the aid of journalism that he was twice the Democratic nominee for President of the United States.

And too, Honorable Judges, no set of politicians last long without the aid of journalism. Where is the successful politician that is not supported by some journalist? And since politicians are so largely dependent upon Journalism, whatever good politics or politicians accomplish is due to it. For without its aid, politics could not spread its tenets, and hence it could accomplish no good for the simple reason that they would be unknown to the mass of the people.

And further, Honorable Judges, journalism is a constant force. A politician's influence is temporary. He speaks to crowds, and he appeals more to the emotions of men than to their reason. For this reason, therefore as soon as the emotions which the speaker called up have subsided, the impression vanishes. Not so with the journalist. Men sit down in their homes, and in the quiet moments they read the papers. It is when men are in this state that an impression being made, it lasts. The journalist appeals to the good judgment and sober sense of men. And it is because

of this that the influence which the journalist yields is lasting. And the journalist keeps on speaking his views year after year. A politician speaks only a few times, and then passes on. On the other hand, the journalist speaks day after day, and year after year. Take the movement for the liberation of the slaves. It had only a few followers at first, but one little newspaper, "The Liberator," kept on preaching and fighting against slavery until at last the slaves were freed. Thus this constant force of journalism has been a great influence in the world for a long time.

Again, Honorable Judges, journalism largely creates public opinion. That is, we get our first impressions of men and events through the newspapers. They are the first to take hold of the subject, and when we read of men and their doctrines, we get the paper's opinion, and can't help but be influenced by it. We get all our information, and all the circumstances about the events from the papers. And along with this we get the Editor's opinion. He is thus able to mould public opinion, and what a splendid opportunity for a man! Let me illustrate this; as is well known the "Reformers" carried South Carolina in 1890, and elected B. R. Tillman Governor largely on the Dispensary issue. Everybody seemed to believe in the Dispensary. But it had some enemies, and chief among these was N. G. Gonzales. He organized a newspaper called, "The State," and started out to fight the Dispensary. At first the circulation was small, and its influence limited, but Mr. Gonzales kept fighting the institution, and at last public opinion began to change. And to-day instead of being regarded as a temperance institution public opinion regards the Dispensary as a hotbed of iniquity and corruption. What has caused this change in public opinion? It is to "The State" largely that the change is due.

Again, Honorable Judges, journalism is an important factor in education on account of its universal circulation. The newspaper is one of the important factors in the education of the great mass of people. By means of the newspapers, we keep in touch with the rest of the world. We learn all about countries and their governments from them. We learn almost everything we can think of from the newspapers. Newspapers educate one in the study of men. If one engages in the work of journalism, he will come in contact with every condition and class of men. He will meet the highest and the lowest. He will learn from experience that there are all kinds of conditions and classes of men in this world.

And too, Honorable Judges, journalism is an educational force since its principles are in harmony with the principles that are taught in schools and colleges. It is exact as science. The cornerstone of the new press is accuracy. The press is fair. It treats all legitimate news without prejudice. No good newspaper permits itself to keep out of its columns the names of its enemies merely because they are not friends of the Editor, or because they have done something against him, or his business. A Self-respecting press records the news without prejudice. It safeguards character. Nothing is dearer to man than his good name. A good newspaper never permits its reporters to write insinuating news of any man, high or low, unless he be a man dangerous to society, and then as Joe Hawley once said, "When it is made perfectly clear that a bad man is really bad, a corrupter of youth, make him drink the hemlock, expel him, punish him, crush him." The newspaper educates also because it presents its news in a characteristic style, it gives its readers the effect of pungency. All readers like individuality in writing, and recognize what is of loose character, just as the backwoodsmen of Virginia recognized at once the slavery speech of "Patrick

Henry when he tried to "come down" to them. Add to this individual and characteristic news composition high minded discussions of themes that touch morals, habits, tastes, pursuits and the commonplace life of the people, presented epigrammatically rather than by the column, and you may be sure that the newspaper is doing a good educational work in the community. Such a press becomes a school in itself.

But by far the greater work of journalism is in upbuilding the social and moral condition of our people. And we can best see this from the condition of our country. The politics of our country are more rotten to-day than they ever have been. Votes are openly bought and sold. Corporations elect Governors, and control Legislatures. Take such instances as "Boss" Durham in Philadelphia, Cox in Cincinnati, Brayton in New Jersey, and scores of other examples. These men control their cities, and they say who is to be Mayor. Until last November Cox controlled the Republican party in Ohio. He said who should be Governor, and under his rule graft and corruption held sway. But a campaign for reform headed by the press began and the Democratic candidate, Patterson, was elected over Herrick, the man that Cox supported. In 1900 the City of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania were in control of as unscrupulous a combination of grafters as ever governed a community. The people were despondent. The great daily press of the City and State had about given up hope of accomplishing any reform. The minority and majority political organizations had formed a combination whereby the minority became a mere commercial asset of the majority. There was gloom in the ranks of all good citizens, ballot box stuffing and fraudulent counting at elections were the order of the day. It was openly boasted that whoever opposed the gang in power could not be elected anyway, no matter how large a majority of votes be cast for him. But in one of the wards of the City was a small and despised weekly newspaper with a circulation of only 250. This paper began a campaign for reform. It was laughed at, but it boldly announced that if there was and ballot box stuffing done in the next election, it would attempt to land the "Boss" in jail. The "Boss" sent the Editor word that he would prosecute him for libel. The Editor laughed and kept on in his work. And that election was the first clean one in years. At the next session of the Legislature, a U. S. Senator was elected by ten votes openly bought from the minority. Franchises worth millions of dollars were given away to the gang, and the bills rushed through the Legislature were signed at midnight by a willing Governor. This small weekly again took the lead. It sent a man down to the Capitol and secured some evidence. He got ten members who were honest men to come back to Philadelphia, and in a mass meeting demanded the expulsion of the corrupt member. A new reform party was organized, and they carried the city and turned out the grafters. This small paper in nine months drove from leadership in disgrace the men who sold out the minority. It began the great crusade which ended in the reform of the Quaker City. Look how the press elected Jerome in New York over the opposition of the great parties. In his address before the New York Press Association, President Slawson read a motto that influenced his early life, a fit motto for us all. Said he,

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain,
Here shall patriot, truth, her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Liberty, Religion and Law."

The last two lines well define the mission of the press as a social influence. Civilization has placed the pen in the hands of the journalist, and asked him to wield it with the authority Napoleon wielded the sword. It has assigned the leadership of the people to the press. It is the advocate and exponent of free speech. Said one newspaper man, "In my six years connection with the profession, I have been impressed with the newspapers' eagerness to oppose and expose wrong. I believe that it is a characteristic of the press generally that society possesses no more jealous District Attorney than the newspaper man conscious of his mission." And usually the newspaper can do what the official cannot do unaided. In a Central New York city recently the Supreme Court Judge officially thanked a daily newspaper for instituting and carrying through a crusade against a number of gamblers whom the officials pretended to be unable to reach, but against whom the newspapers brought evidence sufficient to indict and convict. A press pledged to religion, liberty and law must be a courageous press, but its courage will be rewarded. The people hate a man who is "owned." If the public believes this of a newspaper, it will be sadly handicapped. Said John Curran, speaking on the Liberty of the Press, "As an advocate of society, therefore of peace, of domestic liberty and the lasting good of our country, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that good sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture. Guard it, because when it sinks, then sinks with it in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the government."

And now, Honorable Judges, I want to read to you the tributes that some eminent men paid to the Press. And I want to ask my opponents where have such tributes ever been paid to politics?

Bryant said: "The press is good or bad, according to the character of those who direct it. It is a mill that grinds all that is put into its hopper. Fill the hopper with poisoned grain, and it will grind it to small meal, but there is death in the bread."

James Parton said: "The newspaper press is the people's university. Half the readers in Christendom read little else."

Jefferson said: "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right, and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Cardinal Gibbons said: "The dread of exposure in the public press keeps many a man sticking close to the path of rectitude who would otherwise stray off into the byways of graft."





INTERIOR EUPHEMIAN HALL

THE DESTINY OF DEMOCRACY

(The following is the oration of Mr. R. L. Patrick of Erskine, winner of the first prize in the Inter-Collegiate Contest held in Greenwood, April the 28th:)

The principle of Democracy is an ancient principle. So ancient is it, in fact, that not even the most hoary traditions relate to its beginning. So ancient is it that not even the oldest dynasties go back to a day when it did not exist. So ancient is it that only the heart of the poet can revert to the long ago and read in the mind of God its destiny—the destiny of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

All our language, gathered from far and near, rich in ideas that tell of love and home and liberty, contains no other word in which these ideas appear fuller or more forceful than they do in the Greek term Democracy. The spirit of ancient Greece—the spirit of her people and her institutions—pulses with life when Democracy is invested with her rights. The spirit of true Democracy is the spirit that pervaded the tiny host of Thermopylae; it is the spirit that beat back the multitudinous hordes at Marathon; it is the spirit that characterized Themistocles at Salamis, and established Greek superiority on the sea; it is a spirit, fostered in part by Greek institutions, but antedating all human life and eclipsing every purely human feeling. It is a heaven-sent spirit that God released when His hand sent the worlds forth into space. It is the spirit that characterizes rule in Heaven, where all gradations of rank are swept away and where service finds no explanation save in love. It is a spirit that emanates from the Deity; and, like all other things that are born of God, it is eternal in its nature. Long before the rock-ribbed earth appeared and long before the silvery expanse of sea lay mirror-like upon the bosom of the recumbent world,—while the shapeless mass of incongruous materials still whirled in hopeless confusion,—even then this principle lived, and in the mind of God existed the determination that man should rise nearer the divine image only when he realizes this principle and makes it his law.

This principle, and no other, must be the bed rock on which all safe and sane government rests. No other principle has ever been, or shall ever be, the criterion to determine the world's progress or the world's grasp on things that make for civic righteousness. Throughout the ages as the world's events have filed past the great reviewing stand of Heaven; as the thunderous tramp of the conqueror's hosts has kept time with the world's laudations, the people's hopes and the people's rights have been another marching force. This has been no army with banners, no host led by laurel-crowned conquerors, their gaily caparisoned steeds ornate with barbaric gold. This has been no force that came to possess the fairest provinces of the earth through diplomatic treachery. This has been no cause that inspired its worshippers with the madness of song and made them shout forth peans of praise as did the ancient Israelites when they brought their ark in triumph from Philistia.

No; it has rather been a force that has moved in silence and slowness. As Democracy has asserted itself and at last in these latter days ranked itself in the foreground of the world's policies, its steps have been slow and measured. Only the grim and determined faces that were set like flints against the crushing rule of despots; only the mute willingness with which men have died, as they did die in Holland in the days of Alva; only the music that lived in men's hearts and told that the world was

drawing slowly nearer the true and lofty socialistic ideals of Jesus—only these things have sounded forth, when in the lull of tyranny there was opportunity for such messages to pass in at the ear of men's souls.

Gradual yet real has been the triumph of Democratic principles, until now as we stand just past the gateway of a new century, we stand on a new Patmos and read the glories of a new Apocalypse of liberty. No revelation delivered to a rapt and visionary soul; no disclosures born of a reformer's trustful nature; no mere hopes conceived of faith in things eternal, has been this development. The emancipation of the world from tyranny's fetters has partaken of the nature of these far-off feelings, but with it all there has been something so real, so substantial, and so enduring that millions of free and happy households proclaim the birth of an eternal law as surely as did the hosts of Heaven announce a Saviour's birth on the starlit plains of Judea. The force of Democracy, thus introduced and fostered, is being felt throughout all the nations. It is unceasing in its work in America. It is upsetting traditions in the British Isles. It is destroying the foundations of Absolutism in Russia. It is enlightening fair France. It is making lese majeste no longer a crime in Germany. It is opening the ears of China to the sounds of progress. It is awakening the Japanese to the highest enlightenment. It is knocking at the door of heathen darkness and ushering in the torchbearers of Eternal Truth.

And yet, grand as has been the triumph of Democracy's forces; wide as has been the sweep of her surging phalanxes; close and serried as has been her front to the foe, there are forces within the camp of the people's cause that are making for destruction. Forever gone, it seems, is the simplicity of the patriarchs,—that simplicity which caused Cincinnatus, the greatest of the Romans, to toil in his fields like a common ploughman, and that simplicity which even in the history of our own land actuated our Washington and our Jeffersons. Forever gone is the old dislike for pomp and the old indifference to gold. The old simplicity has been succeeded by the modern imperialism and desire of aping royalty, till now the nation's capital resembles a stronghold of monarchy, and the President's house a monarch's palace.

Not in outward display of pomp and glitter, however, lies the chief danger. Repugnant as that is to the nation's taste, there is a greater danger confronting our Government and our future. "Enemies of the Republic" is what Lincoln Steffens terms those who are debauching municipal governments by the wholesale, and who, if not arrested, will by and by make attempts upon the purity of the nation itself.—St. Louis, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Pittsburg,—the tale is everywhere the same,—the dethronement of pristine honesty and purity in governmental affairs and the installation of all that is debased and besotted.

These are glimpses of American life chosen at random from the panoramic slide that sets forth our passing history. They do not exaggerate or too highly color what might actually come to pass if certain tendencies are not arrested or suppressed. They but truly foreshadow darker days which might come, when, in the height of absolutism run mad, men should have to surrender as lost the once bright hope of popular government. Sad would be the scene if the passing bell should ever toll the knell of dying Democracy. Sad would be the scene if, as the journey's end is neared, the narrow house should yawn for this precious habitant. Sad would be the scene if Hell's inmates should ever be allowed to laugh in ghoulish glee over the triumph

of their forces. Sad would be the ashen faces of the people from which the light of hope had fled forever. And sad above all picturing would be the heaving of the breast, as with sorrowful faces and tear-dimmed eyes, the nation turned from the grave.

Great is the spread of debauchery; all over the hills and valleys of our fair country rests its baleful influence. It has stained the nation's history; it has wrested from us the possibility the nation had while in its infancy. But let us hope that the country is only diseased and not dead; only temporarily impotent, and not forever without force and vitality. Faith in the oracles of old; faith in the integrity of the American people; faith in the principles for which men have died, nor deemed their acts a sacrifice, bids us believe in the resurrection, the resuscitation, and the rejuvenation of Democracy. The principle that rose with the foundation of the world must not set until the world shall pass away. A star may be occulted, but seldom in the mystic mechanism of the spheres is one destroyed. The principle of Democracy is hidden in the clouds that hover over it, but behind those black banks still shines undimmed the star of the people's hope.

Democracy can never die. It can come to what is almost dissolution, but the principle is itself immortal. Just as the Swiss believe that Tell is not dead, but slumbers till the clarion of Switzerland's duty summons him to her need, so will the souls of our great dead return to aid their country. As the country writhes in its struggles for life, there is a renewed determination in the faces of the watchers. The leaders of the past reach forth to the present and tender their aid. Folk in St. Louis, Weaver in Philadelphia, Clark in Minneapolis, and Guthrie, in Pittsburg, are but the reincarnated souls of the past, burning with love of the people and the desire to perpetuate the people's cause. Then let us believe, as we stand engaged in this glorious cause, that the past stands with us; that past achievements wrought for civic righteousness are attendant upon us and bespeak for us a future blessing. Let us believe that the hosts of Heaven, concerned always in the cause of right, lackey us unceasingly. Let us believe that the God that smote the countless hosts of Assyria will also smite the serried hosts of corruption, and stand victor with us in the overthrow of civic vice.

In his matchless speech at Gettysburg Lincoln said: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause from which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Likewise it is for us, too, to dedicate ourselves to the cause that concerns the nation's welfare. It is for us to break down the despotic dominion of the dollar, to crush out forever the rotten reign of the moneyed element, and lift into perpetuity all just and wholesome government by the people. Then let us stand firm in our respective places, flinching at no onset however severe, shrinking from no duty however exacting. Let us stand prayerfully and resolute till the unsullied banner

of a triumphant Democracy is unfurled throughout the world. And in that strife, in which man and God are alike engaged, let each be

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward
Never dreamed though right were worsted
Wrong would triumph;
Ever held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.”

To this end, then, let us live and, if need be, die; and in “the parliament of man, the federation of the world,” may America be able to stand forth and say in the language of the great Nebraskan: “You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight; you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny I have kept faith.”

THE HOME, THE FOUNTAIN OF CIVILIZATION

(Oration of Mr. W. A. McAulay, representing Erskine at the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest at Greenwood, April 27th, 1906.)

“God setteth the solitary in families,” and from that union spring the fundamental relations of all social life—relations that broaden and constitute an ever-developing current which we call civilization. It is as a stream, a mighty stream, flowing through successive ages, bearing on its bosom all that goes to ameliorate the condition of man. The storms and strange winds of destiny sweep over its surface, and sometimes it may seem to be driven backward upon itself in hopeless confusion. Flood-tides of ignorance and barbarism may for a time check the mighty waters in their course. But when the storms have spent their fury and the tides have ebbed, the great stream takes up its burden of humanity and moves onward; because its power is lodged in something higher than social relations, something stronger than social conventions,—in the hearts and homes of the people.

To us especially must this theme appeal, for it reveals the secret of the rise and reign of the American citizen. When four hundred years ago two human-freighted vessels landed on the shores of this New World, the dark, treacherous Spaniard of the one made the jungles of South America ring with his insatiable cries for gold, while the devout but determined Puritan of the other knelt on Plymouth Rock and thanked his God for a home and fireside. The gold of the Spaniard has long since wasted away, stained with the blood of its masters; but the home has come down to us, a legacy rich in a lore and sacred in a tradition that to every true man's heart is eloquent with gratitude and joy. The element of our Freedom and Democracy are so blended here that all history might well roll back its pages and declare: “This is your richest heritage.”

For back of and above all achievements of man, the home stands as the true source of our freedom. The goddess of liberty in Bartholdi's statue, lifting aloft the torch of enlightenment is not so much a monument to the thousand grand victories for that freedom, as it is a fitting symbol of that indomitable spirit of liberty which draws its every breath in our homes and thus creates a congenial atmosphere for its sturdy growth in a land that never trembled under the despot's tread. Irish mothers taught

the lads at their knees to love liberty and although their ghosts were doomed to weep over Ireland's tomb, the spirit that led them lives and glows on a thousand new altars in America. The stern old Scot returned at evening from his toil and with the faithful wife and mother gathered the bairns about the ingle's ruddy glow to tell of Bruce and Wallace, and with Burns we know that "From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs."

Nor shall we look elsewhere for the source of our own greatness, when we realize that within the home is laid the kingdom of woman—a kingdom whether in cabin or castle—into which we cannot enter without feeling the beauty of a sway for whose beginning we must look back to Eden. But the "Queen of the home" needs no eulogy from me. Poets kneeling here have sung their sweetest lays, and failed to render an adequate tribute. Orators, since civilization began, have gathered all that is rich and grand from the language of song and speech, wreathed it into a garland of gold and placed it on woman's brow, and yet she is a queen uncrowned. It is here in the home that she lives, as it were, between God and man, consecrating with her love and life those ties that were created in Heaven. It is here from that mother-throne she wields a living, breathing, speaking power. And so long as she remains true to this ideal of the Maker her sway is serene, absolute and unquestionable, and around that one word "Mother" will ever center all that is true and good.

But nearer to our own Republic's welfare and more closely connected with our own national life stands the most vital relation of the American home. Nor can we ever forget the view of this supreme relation expressed by our own Henry W. Grady, as he entered the simple portals of a Southern home. Only a few hours before, with a heart thrilling with pride and reverence, he had looked upon the nation's glory at Washington and had seen, as he thought, the center of our national life. But as he stood within that home, that haven of age, that sacred armory of youth, and beheld with emotions yet stronger the simple virtues nourished there, the memory of the great Capital faded from his mind, its treasures and its splendors were alike forgotten; and the soul of the great orator rose in homage as he exclaimed: "Surely here, here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country."

Such is the home as you and I know it. Such is the vital and regenerative power it breathes into our national life. Such is its true relation to mankind, state and society. But, though such is the meaning of home to you and me, we must remember that to-night one-third of the population of our great cities will be crowded into filthy hovels or tenements, reeking with all that goes to ruin the manners and morals of men. In New York alone seven hundred thousand people are to-night huddling in dingy, rayless holes, or damp, musty garrets, where squalor, want, drunkenness, ribaldry and unchastity and despair render home-making impossible. No wonder that the boys from such cold repulsive lairs fail to become plants grown-up in their youth, but rather see the shelter and alluring lights of the bar-room and gambling dens. No wonder that girls finding no sheltering veil for their modesty in such loveless and orderless homes, fail to become the polished corner-stones of society, and neither find nor follow the way to true womanhood.

The greater bane, however, to home-life in our cities is not found in these repulsive quarters. Out on the fashionable streets and avenues among the rich, rest-

less, roving ones there is a more than careless disregard for this divine ordinance. The never-ending hurry of a strenuous social and business life has produced an ultra-civilization that is fast destroying the refinements of privacy. The club has robbed the home of its sacred hours of meditation; the opera has taken its music away; and cups of a reckless gayety have been pressed to the lips till the heart has well-nigh forgotten that:

“To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That’s the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

The quiet and rugged simplicity that once moulded our best characters and became the incarnation of their fondest associations and memories are no more. The old love that for so long has stood as the crown and completion of human joy seems to have left the home. Charity no longer begins there. And marble-hearted ingratitude has at last made homes for Old Mothers, a shameful necessity.

But from out the cold industrial-developing world there comes a yet more inimical demand upon our home-life—a life that is forever linked with the future happiness of woman. Too often now we find her wearing herself away in the hard tasks of the laboring world. We bare our heads in admiration and respect to her who, of necessity, sets out from her natural kingdom to take up the fallen reins of any industry. But our hearts are disquieted with fear when we see the reckless desertion of the true ideal. Without the best women, our homes will become a myth and shadow; and without the home, man’s dream and desire of a fine womanhood can never be realized. Woman must be there to set the first tone and guide the first flow of daily life; or else our whole civilization must run haphazard and astray.

These mistaken ambitions to achieve fame or fortune in the struggle of professional or business life may lead some of our women far from the sacred portals of the home; the mad whirl of society pleasures may cause others to forget its vital claims; but not until the sacred instincts of wifedom and motherhood are spurned and disregarded need we fear the death of America’s dearest institution. And it is against the foes which lurk here that we must maintain an unceasing watch; for that civilization is doomed whose people neglect to guard this citadel of hearts, THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME. Higher than the walls of ancient strongholds, deeper than their moats and mines, close about the American home has stood this sacred wall. Destroy every dwelling in the land, and leave it standing, and the homes will rise again as if by magic. But once let it be lowered, and blood cannot flow fast enough to save the homes; for on them will rest a doom heavier than the burden of Babylon.

No wonder then our church and state are alarmed at the reckless growth of the divorce evil. The curse of sixty thousand divorces in one year has struck like the blighting sweep of a sirocco into the very heart of our society. For it means that more than sixty thousand homes have been forever wrecked. It means that more than sixty thousand mock-offerings have been laid on the marriage altar. It means that thousands of young souls have been cut loose from the shores that should anchor all affections and cast upon an aimless voyage for life. It means that the

hearths and firesides, when alone are cradled the morals of civilization, instead of becoming sanctuaries of embowered bliss have been turned into wretched hells of misery. Something must be done. This crime which is eating like a canker worm at our domestic vitals and which is being fostered and protected by the law, if not stopped, will soon poison and waste away a civilization that centuries alone could build!

But though so many abuses of the home life threaten us to-day, we know that the conscience of our people is never appealed to in vain. And from a realization of these evils and of the home's relation to our well-being, there comes an appeal that we dare not resist. For if the true spirit of this republic is to live; if social reforms are to prevail; if Christianity, in all its sacred purity, is to continue on to our children's children, even to the latest generation of men; we must hold them sacred and inviolable in our families and link them securely with the sanctity of our homes. Yea, the unity and perpetuity of the family tie, in all its purity and strength, is the last and only safeguard to national perpetuity, peace, and honor.

Let us then heed the call that comes to us from the mute appeal of forsaken firesides. Let us hear the warning cry that rings far out amid the wild Babel of society's maze—Back to your firesides and altars. Back to that shrine of youth and protect it. Back, if need be, to the old home life and let it live in your affections again. Let it live, the bed-rock and fortress of a heart-wounded and bleeding society. Let it live, the unit of all civilization. Let it live, for to the great American heart filled with love of liberty it is far dearer than material wealth and its sanctity than our boasted freedom. Let it live; and if nights of gloom should come, as come they will, aye, if the God of nations should once more send forth the angel of death, we shall not fear but rather await the coming dawn, for high over the lintels and side-posts of every threshold the vestal virgins of its love will sprinkle, if necessary, the blood of a great people's sacrifice and leading woman towards this altar of our holiest feeling, will reveal the divine in her, and forever currents which shall swell our civilization into one mighty "stream to make glad the city of our God."





INTERIOR PHILOMATHIAN HALL

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

BY RALPH J. ROBINSON.

How it was that I came to be in the little village of Golden Hope, a typical western mining town situated on the very outskirts of civilization, is of interest to no one—that is, with the possible exception of myself. Yet to allay any curiosity one may have, suffice it to say that while I hold a firm conviction that I was designed for a great painter, Nature in the shape of hills to a denomination that made my eyes bulge, received from a railway system which ordered my views by the dozen, had transformed me into a producer of landscape scenes. A common vocation, surely; yet I could understand their cheeks and they were pleased with my pictures. So, on the lookout for the odd and picturesque, I had traveled out into this wild mountainous region. In a little village nestled among the foothills of the Rockies Fred Ashton had discovered me; and bearing down with resistless force, had rushed me away up the mountains to Golden Hope, in the mines of which place he had an interest.

I was surprised and much delighted to find that his old-time power over me was still there. He could always in the old 'varsity days make me do what he liked. He was so handsome and so reckless, brilliant in his class work, and the prince of ball players. And thus it was that I found myself, two days later, walking arm in arm with him down the one street of the village, toward its only place of attraction—the saloon.

On first entering I could make out nothing distinctly because of the clouds of tobacco smoke with which the room was filled. Gradually, however, my eyes grew accustomed to their surroundings and the objects stood forth clearly.

The scene was quite strange to me and wild beyond description. The room was filled with men engaged in drinking and card playing. At one end was the bar, while scattered around without order were the card tables. Most of the men were great, strong, bearded fellows, clad in an outlandish fashion, and all more or less drunk. I felt none too comfortable, for this sort of thing was new to me, but I admired the cool assurance with which Ashton made his way through the crowd to a table in the far corner of the room, from which we were able, unmolested, to observe the flow of life around us.

One bearded man who was playing at a nearby table, and with excellent results, rose unsteadily, staggered to the bar, called for whiskey, and invited all present to drink at his expense. It was strange and, under different circumstances, would have been amusing to notice how quickly the tables were emptied.

"That's 'Togo,'" Ashton explained. "Fine miner and an excellent chap. His great fault is whiskey. One drop of that and he seems to go mad. But that is, as you will soon notice, a common failing. "Look!" he interrupted suddenly.

I glanced in the direction his finger pointed and noticed a person, who from his general appearance seemed to be of more refinement than those around him, raise a glass to his lips. But before he could drink Togo was at his side, and had dashed the glass away. It fell shivering into a thousand fragments.

I turned to Ashton for an explanation. A tear stood in his eye. "The saddest case I ever knew," he explained. "That is Arnold, a highly educated young man of pronounced ability, or rather he used to be. His folks are of some distinction in the land

out East, I believe. When he came here as general overseer he had not an evil habit to his name. That is easily believed by any one who knows his wife. Why, she is an angel!" he added enthusiastically. "The miners adore her, worship the very ground upon which she and her baby walk. You who know nothing of the life here cannot understand the hold she has upon them. They see only the lower grades, understand only the coarser traits of humanity. The few women here are the devil's most potent workmen. They sell their souls for the shining metal. When they regard such things as women, can you wonder they consider her an angel? and that is her husband!" he added pointing toward Arnold, who was in the act of tossing off a glass he had ordered for himself.

"But what of him," I urged, for plainly he had lost sight of the main story.

"Oh, he fell under the curse of drink soon after he came, lost his position, sunk lower, and has become what you see; and that too in spite of all his wife's tears and pleadings. When the baby came it seemed to sober him down. He pulled himself together and we all hoped for a change. But the spell was soon broken. Drink proved stronger than love. Yet," he added impressively, "not a miner has helped him down. You have seen an illustration of that tonight. Every evening she comes and leads him home."

This tale had affected me strongly, more strongly indeed than I wished to confess; so to change the subject, I enquired as to the identity of a boy (for he was nothing more) with a handsome face and intelligent look, who was leaning back in a chair, almost overcome by intoxication.

"Oh, that is another of the same category. Curtis is his name. He was educated at Yale, disgraced himself afterward, and finally drifted out here. Seems to have no backbone."

At this point our conversation was interrupted by loud words and confusion from the other end of the room. A fight seemed in progress. I was startled, and thinking of my own safety looked around for some means of exit should such a course become advisable. But Ashton only smiled: "An every night occurrence," he remarked unconcernedly.

One of the fighters, a big bulking fellow, held a glass bottle suspended, preparatory to striking. Yet he did not strike; he seemed turned into a pillar of stone, his eyes only alive. They were staring toward the doorway. I turned hastily and saw a woman standing there, her face covered with a veil.

Some one brushed by my chair and made for the side entrance. It was the Yale graduate. He could hardly stagger. I looked around. The room was empty. "The miners have hearts," Ashton whispered in my ear. "They cannot look upon her shame."

Only Arnold was left. Beside him stood his wife, Mrs. Arnold. Ashton and I stepped forward and offered our services. Never shall I forget the choking voice with which she thanked us. So we helped him out, she following. As we passed down the main street of the town an object lying in a gutter attracted my attention. On a nearer approach I saw that it was Curtis, dead drunk. She saw it too; for as we passed on she stopped, bent over the prostrate figure and covered his face with her handkerchief.

II.

The next morning, and for several days afterward, I was busy with my pencil.

The landscape scenes flourished here in unsurpassed loveliness and in great abundance. I soon found the hotel unsuited to my work. I desired more quiet lodgings. On broaching the subject to Ashton he advised that I apply at the home of Mrs. Arnold for board. My pleasure was extreme when she placed a room at my disposal, for she had made an impression upon me at our first meeting and I wished to know more of her.

It was several mornings afterward as I sat in my room, which was next hers, dreaming of life in general and especially of that form of life which existed in Golden Hope, that a tap sounded on her door. "Come in," she called out cheerily. The door opened. "Mr. Curtis!" she exclaimed with just a touch of surprise in her voice, "I am glad you have called. Have a seat."

"Mrs. Arnold," he began impulsively, as if wanting courage to trust himself to delay for fear of a failing resolution, "I have called to return to you your property this handkerchief. It is unnecessary to speak of the manner in which it came into my possession. I wish to thank you, however, for your kindness, and—and to ask if you really saw good, even a spark of worth, in a drunken brute lying in a gutter? He paused, his voice almost failing. She took advantage of this to reply:

"Mr. Curtis, in His sight your soul is as valuable as that of my baby's or of mine. True, you may be wandering in those paths of life you ought to shun; yet by looking deeper one rarely fails to recognize some positive good, even in the worst of natures. Tell me your story," she begged in a voice breathing with sympathy, "and let us reason together."

"It is not reason but will I lack," he replied, seemingly warmed by her interest.

The story he told is one that is familiar to all because of much repetition.

He had been raised in a Christian home and carefully trained by Christian parents. Naturally inclined to good, he did evil. At college his associates had been among those of the fast set, and from that time on his descent was rapid. He was one who had failed in life, not through vice, but weakness. A fatal incompetence and an incapacity for fixed aim and deliberate effort had brought him at last to his present condition. Self-contempt eats his soul, but he submits to his environment. His duty is plain, but he cannot do it—he is without determination, he lacks faith. His final confession, wrung from the depths of his soul, I can never forget. "I am broken crockery. I am a burst drum; the whole of my life has been turned to water; I have nothing left that I believe in except my living horror of myself."

"But your father and your mother—does not the thought of them lend you strength?"

"My home holds everything that is dear to me. Between me and that home, between me and everything that is good and beautiful and honorable stands whiskey. Yet I am what you see."

There was a pause, then Mrs. Arnold put the question softly: "Did you ever ask Him for aid, pray to Him for help?"

"I—I dared not offend God with my presence. I am too far gone, too low to appear before Him!"

"'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost' and 'him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,'" she repeated.

"But you don't know, I—"

"Tell Him, not me. Don't be afraid to trust him," she pleaded.

Curtis looked at her, his face quivering, and said in a husky voice: "I'll try Him. This is my last hope. If it fail, then all is lost. Thank you for your interest. Good day." And he hastily left the room.

III.

It has been said that no one can exert a more benign influence than a good woman; and conversely that a bad woman is the devil's chief workman. Needless to say, Mrs. Arnold belonged to the first mentioned class. She was one whom to meet was a privilege, and to know, as I came to know her during my long stay there, was a precious gift from God. In person she was beautiful. Her face, as I soon found, was the index to her character. It was a clean-cut, strong face, one rarely sees on a woman. The eyes were good gray eyes that looked straight out at you. Her voice was sweet and soft and firm. When she sang her tones were low and thrilling, and had a way of getting into the heart and making one think his saddest and tenderest thoughts.

Yet beautiful as she was without, she was all glorious within. Her character was a source of never-ending wonder to me. Most women in such a position as she was in would have been cast down, passed away the time in sorrow and lamenting. I believe she deliberately set herself to achieve what has been called the "great task of happiness." She will sing no "miserere," because, as she says, it is the product of an atheist. She is touched with a stoic courage and a resolution to see good in everything. She had a high conception of the elementary grandeur in human life, of the saving virtue of manliness. The voice of hope is never wanting. Her husband she regards as the noblest of men, who is waging incessant warfare against the devil. "He loves me and the baby," she told as a settler of all argument. In religion she had the faith of a Scot. Her convictions were profound and serious and she carried them in her very bone and marrow. Once I heard her break forth into a praise of God's grace. "There is nothing in the world," she asserted, "but His grace. We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it. It makes the nails and axles of the universe."

Her imagination and her words were all impressive because of the subtle element which covered them. Never shall I forget her noble prayer which expressed so much of her own valiant and hopeful spirit: "Help us with the grace of courage that we be none of us cast down when we sit lamenting amid the ruins of our happiness or our integrity; touch us with the fire from the altar that we may be up and doing to rebuild our city." She possessed in a rare degree the genius to be loved, which is after all the highest form of genius. This power she used for the good of those around her. An altogether noble and lovable character was hers, and I myself am much indebted to her for it to this day.

It was fully a month after the memorable visit of Curtis to Mrs. Arnold that I opened the door one evening and found him sitting before the window playing with the baby. "She has stepped out for a few moments," he explained with pride, and left me in charge of the baby. There was no need to question him concerning his manly fight, I thought, as I looked into his countenance. It plainly showed that he had been doing wonders. Not only had he ceased from drinking, but he had been elected to the office of town marshal by his admiring fellow citizens, who, if they valued nothing else, placed a proper price on courage.

He was silent a moment, and then added: "How it is that he can drink and kiss this baby is beyond me."

Then I did a deed for which I have always been proud. I took his hand in mine and congratulated him upon his manly struggle. His face flushed and he was embarrassed. When he noted my genuine look of sympathy, however, he warmed a little.

"I find it very hard," he returned simply. "Only her interest and the baby here keeps me above water. It seems I have so little to cling to. But I find it impossible to look into her eyes and doubt. Then, too, my new position and its requirements help me. I hope that this continual instance of toil which has hitherto been lacking in my misdirected existence will enable me to recover my hold upon life. I strive more for her sake than for my own. She saw good in a drunken brute lying in a gutter."

IV.

The days slowly lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months, and I still lingered in Golden Hope. There were several reasons for this. In the first place it was a painter's paradise. It has been my privilege to see many lovely landscapes, many plains and valleys and hills which God has painted with His own divine love of beauty; yet never have I seen more variety or more beautiful scenes than here. In the morning at sunrise in the mountains lying off to the West, each barren crag beams like a star, when the pine forest on the ridge is pale and blue and when the network of interblended lines is woven faint and fleecy against the dark ground of the half awakened sky. At noon the mountains lie enchanted under the wan of sunlight like the princess in Elfland. No sound, no wind, no motion; silent they rest under the falling light reflecting the sky above them. At sunset they seem to be the division line between the world of day and the world of night. Deep shadow is flooding in from the East, brilliant light is in the West, and between them run the dark mountain barrier. Nature, to my mind, is the great proof of God's existence.

Then, too, the men and life of the town possessed a strange fascination for me. So in luxuriant ease I lingered on, growing more familiar with the life of those around me, and unconsciously growing in grace.

And what a life it was! All day long the men toiled in the ground like moles, and in the evening spent or lost their money and their souls at the devil's booth. Some had mothers, wives and children waiting for them in a far-off land. These struggled desperately for the light of a more perfect manhood, without which they scorned to return. But the monotony was too strong, the environment too binding. There in the devil's camp ground a man's lust was his only law and from sheer monotony he must take himself to the excitement of the place—that offered by the saloon. It was asking much of one to keep straight and clean in a place like this.

As to the power Mrs. Arnold and her baby yielded over them, well, at first I could not understand it. But when I understood them better I could see. They had lived so long in the mountains that they had forgotten what a baby looked like; to them who had had experience of humanity only in its roughest, foulest form, this little mite, sweet and clean, was like an angel fresh from heaven, the one link in all that black camp that bound them to what was purest and best in their past.

V.

It was perhaps a month afterward when the tragedy I am about to relate occurred. Ashton and I, as was our custom, had gone to the saloon to watch the flow of life there. Affairs were likely to be lively that night, Ashton told me, for it was pay day with the miners. The room was filled to overflowing. There was more talk than usual, more drink, more excitement. One could almost feel the spirit of unrest in the atmosphere. The play ran high, drink flowed freely and guns were ostentatiously displayed.

I noticed in particular one group of players composed of Four Fingered Jack, a professional gambler lately arrived, his boon companion, Ike, Togo and Arnold. Jack, with his gun lying conveniently at elbow, was playing in hard luck, consequently in an evil temper. In the midst of their play the door opened. Curtis, with his badge of office conspicuously displayed, entered, and after glancing around, walked up to Jack, tapped the pistol lightly, and asked what he used it for. Very tall and handsome he looked, standing there unconcerned, though he knew he was daring death. Jack gave him a surprised look. "Any of your business?" he asked insolently, and then broke into a stream of profanity, seemingly having for its object the principle of one minding his own business.

"You are a stranger at this place. I advise you to go post yourself. We don't play card games here with guns," he added, looking him straight in the eye, "I will just take charge of this. Accidents will happen, you know."

Jack, knife in hand, sprang to his feet with a snarl. He stood quivering with anger, blinded and rendered reckless with rage. He drew back the knife to strike. Before the blow could fall, Arnold brought a bottle sharply across his wrist, with a howl of pain he let the knife fall. Then there was a revolver report from Ike's gun and Arnold sank to the floor, a bullet in his breast.

Up to this point the onlookers had been content to let affairs take their course without interference on their part. But this last was too much. Perhaps they thought of a wife who was now a widow, or of a child that was fatherless. Eager hands seized the two gamblers and they were carried toward the door.

This tragedy had been too rapid for my mind to grasp. I stood staring blankly. Now I come to myself. Plainly our first duty was to take the body of Arnold home. Then the thought occurred that it was necessary for someone to inform Mrs. Arnold of the occurrence. I looked blankly at Ashton, and he looked at me. "You must do it," he declared. So with a heavy heart I started in advance of the body, which was borne by a few miners. As I hastened down the street I came upon the crowd. It was silent and there was something awful in that silence. As I passed by I saw the two gamblers, with ropes around their necks, pulled from the ground and dangle loosely in space. Then shots were fired. Two corpses, riddled with bullets would swing idly in the wind tomorrow, I thought as I hastened to her door. I will pass over the painful interview. My heart grows full even yet when I think of it. Soon the body arrived and was placed in her bedroom. The miners departed, leaving only Curtis and myself. I was undecided as to our course and looked to Curtis for aid. He had eyes only for her and for the corpse.

What were his thoughts, I wondered. Did he see in the cold, dead form before him a personal likeness? Did he recognize the similarity between their lives and see his own fate there, had it not been for her who was weeping so violently? Would

this, the crisis in her life enable him to meet and decide forever the crisis in his own? It did. A new light shown in his eyes; a light of resolution, of conscious power transfigured him. He was no longer a slave.

He stepped forward and lightly touched the shoulder of the weeping one.

"He saved my life," he murmured softly. "Let that comfort you. Also remember this fact in the hour of your great despair. You have more than saved my life, you have saved my soul, and over the body of your dead husband a new soul thanks you as its creator." And over the body of sin she clasped the hand of the new disciple.

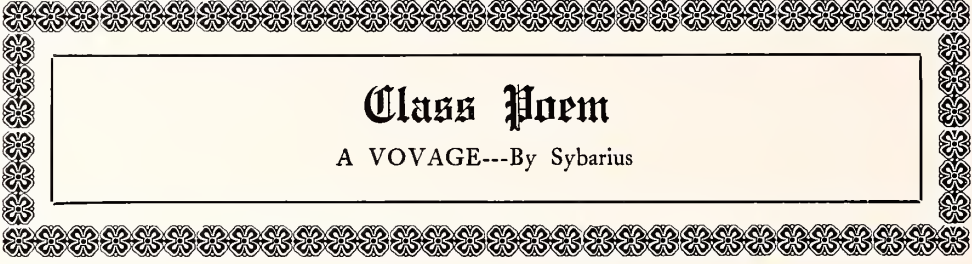
Before dawn the next morning I passed out into the open to enjoy the night breeze. And as I looked I saw afar the silent unfolding of the day. A brightening came in the east, it trembled into light. The light brightened into silver and gold, and the gold was kindled into a new and living fire. Yet a little while after and the whole east glowed, and the hallow of Heaven was filled with daylight. Then at one bound the sun leapt up. The day had come.

I felt a touch on my shoulder. It was Curtis. "She is in the darkness of sorrow that precedes the dawn of an even more perfect womanhood," he said. Then added, "With me the day has surely dawned. I am a man!"





REV. F. Y. PRESSLY, D. D.
President of Erskine College, Due West, S. C.



Class Poem

A VOYAGE---By Sybarius

(With Apologies to All.)

We bid you listen to the tale
Of a ship that went to sea;
The great sea god stood at the helm,
And its freight humanity.

'Twas where magnolia breezes blow
In this fair land of ours;
'Twas when the leaves and petals fall
From off the fading flowers.

Broad and deep the waters lay
With not a wave or motion;
The king of day stood out sublime
Above the placid ocean.

The ship moved off from the shores of time
To sail for four long years;
Its freight of souls, two score or more,
Were mingling joy with tears.

Behind us lay the Elysian shore,
Swept by the cooling breeze;
Before us lay, in broad extent,
The dark and stormy seas.

Further and further every day,
We sailed the watery zone;
Sometimes the gods would clear the way,
Sometimes we sailed alone.

But soon Poseidon stretched his hand—
That hand of destiny—
And with his trident raised or quelled
The great and boundless sea.

And at the helm the Charon stood
And steered the Seyllas by;

Nor did he with Charybdises
Or other sea powers vie.

His eyes were never, never closed
By all-subduing sleep,
Nor failed as mortals' often do
That watchful vigils keep.

He steered us to an Helleuian isle
A bow-shot from its gleaming strand,
The rocks loomed up, all dark and grand,
And destined never to die.

And as the goddess Eos blushed,
We stepped upon the shore,
Mid musty tomes and ancient domes,
We ne'er had seen before.

By Dirce's sweetly flowing stream,
We silent wondering stood,
And gazed upon the throne of Zeus
All sprinkled o'er with blood.

Though true wisdom is ever glad to learn,
And not too proud of power,
Our self-sufficient obstinacy
Is folly's deceitful flower.

We delved for days in Grecian lore
With noble Sophocles;
With Homer fought the Trojan War,
And learned from Euripides.

But Zeus soon eyed us as a foe
Upon a luckless field,
And hurled his thunder on our throng—
We had to fight or yield.

A battle ne'er so fierce was fought
By noble men before;
Our ship was forced to sail away
And leave three men ashore.

We sailed, fearing not the winds,
Nor mountain circling waves;
Defying ocean tempests wild,
And bearing hearts of braves.

Day after day, night after night,
Until we struck the sand;
And shouts come ringing from the mast--
The watchman crying, "Land!"

The waves threw foam against our ship,
And water beads flew high;
The hazy sunbeams stealing thru
Made rainbows on clear sky.

"Let's to the shore," our pilot cried,
"Or else to watery graves,
For ere another sun our ship
Will be beneath the waves."

With boathooks, stays, and mizzen chains,
We threw our life boats o'er,
Which flood tides caught and bore away
And ebbing left ashore.

An unknown isle in an unknown sea
Was now to be our home,
Till masts and sails were raised anew
To bear us o'er the foam.

Here oft we saw the sun retire
And draw Night's sable screen,
And leave his trailing lane of fire
Thru spans of ocean green.

In fields of labor strange and new,
Our luckless lot was cast;
New calls were made upon the crew
From galley rooms to mast.
With levelling rods from willow poles,
And chains from withes and vines,
And stakes and transit instruments
We surveyed among the pines,
And for a ship dock trenched and dug
And laid the neither lines.

Some worked and toiled thru heat of day
In open field and light,
Some mapped and figured out the plots
In stilly hours of night,
With tripods, alidades, T-squares,
And logarithmic pages,

With musty astronomic tomes
And laws of wise old sages.

One early eve the moon hung low
Amid the crimson mist,
The waves embraced her with their arms,
And quietly they kissed.

Then up the skies she slowly moved,
With gentle modest grace,
And sought the shadows of the earth,
In which to hide her face.

"Eclipse tonight," the cry went round,
"What omen can it be?"
'Tis Paulus' sign for life or death
On either land or sea."

Half filled with wonder, half with dreams,
Of some great crisis near,
Our hearts beat loud with strange high hopes
That banished every fear.

The waves rose high up to the sky,
And made the sea cliffs drip;
With surges strong and violent,
They freed our sand-bound ship.

She drifted with the waves and tide
Straight thru our open lock,
And when the waters quelled we had
Her safe within the dock.

With new pine masts and mended prow,
And sails hung full and free,
We then began to plot and plan
Another course at sea.

Our latitudes and longitudes
We measured from the stars,
Polaris guided for the one,
The other fixed by Mars.

And as we cheered the dock was cleared,
Our ship had left her bed;
The roaring blast then drove us fast,
And northward aye we fled.

The lonely isle fell days behind
As we parted the span of green,
And leagues away a plaieid bay
And granite cliffs were seen.

As Israel followed fire and eloud,
We thither turned our ship;
And ere the brassy sun went down,
We'd let our anehors dip.

The sun soon made his nether course,
And set the east aglow;
The stars went in, the moon went down,
And all was peace below.

"On! on!" our leader cried,
"We've found the Eden land,
Behold the beds of silver ore,
And gold dust in the sand."

And on we went with highest hopes
O'er mountain, vale and plain,
Like some wild stream of impulse blind
That rushes toward the main.

Now we pause; alas, we're lost!
Oh vain deluding sight!
Mid crevices; the mammal graves,
And caves as blaek as night.

Great fossil beds of trilobites,
Of erinoids, shells, and favosites,
And ornithiehnic stones;
The needle shaped stalaetites,
And calcareous stalagmites,
And mammillary bones.

The salts oozed out and crystalized
In white and green and blue,
And gases fumed from erevices,
And rising dimmed our view.

Our throats were dry, our lips were parched,
With not a drop to drink;
Pools and streams on every side,
But they were black as ink.

The mountains thundered, split and groaned,
And showers of ashes fell;
The craters smoked and fumed and steamed
Like pools of deepest hell.

When death is near the bravest fly,
So we retraced our path,
All sad and torn and weak and worn,
We faced the lowering wrath.

Three brave and noble men were lost
Before we reached the sea;
Their bones are 'neath some lava bed,
Or bleaching on some lea.

Once more to hear the billows break
Was music to our ears,
As welcome and as passing sweet
As music of the spheres.

We raised our anchors from the slime
And let our ship go free
The gurgles at her side were heard,
As like some giant white sea bird,
She sped across the sea.

The isle we left was Reidland,
The isle of toil and pain;
Tho' long and hard the tasks we learned,
Upon the isle that many spurned,
They were not learned in vain.

One morning as the king of day
Drove in ten million stars,
And threw across our dew drenched deck
The lengthy shades of spars,
New land was seen, low stretched and green,
And lined with reeds and flowers,
And ere the day had passed away,
We'd claimed the land as ours.

We found it a land of myths and gods,
Of heroes and of strife;
Where Virgil sang, and Orpheus played,
And Horace sweetened life.

But soon we were vexed by war's alarms,
That caused our joys to cease,
We tried to shun the den of arms
By singing songs of peace.

Alas! we'd crossed the Rubicon
Approaching ancient Rome,
And Dallas called the gods about
To drive us from his home.

The proudest hearts may be subdued
And not be said to fail—
We left the Romans with their Rome
And took our faithful sail.

For leagues we sailed the placid sea
And scarce a wind did blow;
The clouds around hung lazily,
Like banks of drifted snow.

Soon we reached an island sea,
The Sea of Paradise;
'Twas then we saw the hills of hope,
And there we read our horoscope,
In new stars and new skies.

We'd sailed from out the ancient world
Into an English sea;
Once more our hearts with joy were filled,
For we once more felt free.

We stayed our ship and went ashore
And sought the English king,
And in transcendent majesty
We found the royal Ping.

He took us thru his spacious courts;
We lingered many days
To hear the poems of Milton read
And see Shakepearean plays.

Sometimes we paused with Pope or Gray,
Sometimes we cast our lot
With Goldsmith, Burns or Keats,
With Coleridge or with Scott.

There were leaves of lore and stories
There were posies and rhymes,
There were legends of old glories
And quaint tales of other times,
That moved our deepest soul's emotions
And swayed them with their chimes.

But weeks and months soon passed away,
The seasons came and went;
We left the volumes with the king
And sailed—homeward bent.

Across the sea our vagrant ship
Divided waves and foam;
Our hearts rejoiced; on every lip
Was "Home, home, sweet home."

We reached the land from whence we sailed
With tear dews in our eyes,
And there Poseidon bad farewell
With tender words and sighs.

"Into the world I turn you free
In blooming hope and youth;
A score and ten to fight as men,
And stand for God and truth.

"Sombre clouds may float above you,
There are always clouds somewhere;
The darkest day will pass away
And tomorrow may be fair.

"Fix a goal that's worth the gaining
In the distance, and then strive;
'Tis the thing beyond that ever
Keeps the heart and hope alive.

"Tho' you some noble dreams forget,
Confused by shows and powers,
Thank Him who isled you here and set
You in this fruitful land of ours.

"Bear up when you are crushed for right,
Let truth be ne'er denied;
Perfection never was known but once
And then 'twas crucified.

“Your talent small may seem to be,
Yet God has work for all to do,
Then strive with might to serve the right,
God has work for you.

“Farewell, farewell, farewell to all,
May God direct thy feet
In paths of pleasure, ease, and peace
Until again we meet.”

We watched the ship sail out to sea,
With grief our hearts ran o’er;
For years to come new crews will sail,
But we will sail no more.

Away we turned, each in his course,
Upon the world’s great stage,
To play alone his destined part
And write alone life’s page.





CLASS WILL

By

MISS KATHERINE FLENNIKEN AND MR. W. F. CALDWELL

In the name of Dr. Pressly, Amen:

We, the class of '06, of unsound mind and cracked memory, in view of our approaching dissolution do hereby make this our last legal disposition of all property both personal and general which is our allotment.

To Dr. Frank Y. Pressly, our beloved president, we bequeath a wreath of laurels for his heroic struggle during the "green wood" famine of the past winter. We hope that the light of his countenance may long continue to shine within the walls of Erskine College, and that the reaction of his presence on those students who inhabit "Forbidden" may not continue to be a strong reducing agent.

We bequeath to Dr. McCain a sophisticated dictionary of Shakespearean definitions, a pail of blue and red paint with which he may decorate all literary productions submitted to his inspection, and a class roll of regular Freshmen. That he may refresh himself in coming years while "making change," we leave in his care a jug of his favorite mineral water (H2. S.)

To Prof. Reid, we bequeath a solid wall of calcarons and fossiliferous rocks to serve as a nonconductor between the electric sparks which continually fly from the Astronomical to the Geological department. We hope as he wades through globigerina ooze in his search after the tree of life, he may not be devoured by the trilobites, beachiopods, amphibians, and flying reptiles that may lie in his pathway.

We bequeath to Prof. Grier a hasty realization of his long desired reputation as standard authority on all subjects; a Peruna Almanac out of which he may glean jokes for the humiliation of his Senior Classes; a ten-foot cane with which he may

torment not only those on the front seats, but those in the rear as well; a Harvest Moon under whose soft light he may sit and hear the music of the celestial spheres, since that of mortals is so irritating to the fine vibrations of his basilar membrane.

We will Prof. Pressly a long and useful life integrated between the limits of supreme happiness and prosperity.

We bequeath to Prof. Caldwell our entire possession in live stock—to-wit: thirty horses recommended upon our personal experience to be faithful, intelligent and reliable animals, of the best "Hinds and Noble" breed. Also to the said Professor, we entrust our valuable stock of Latin texts, to be sold by him at public auction, the proceeds to be used in erecting improved sanitary stables for the above mentioned horses.

To Prof. Galloway, Guardian Angel of the "Prep." Department, we bequeath a bottle of "inoffensive" hydrogen, together with a bundle of rises to be distributed among the members of his English classes.

To Joseph McMurrey, of the Sophomore Class, who bids fair to attain distinction in the English department, we bequeath Ralph Robinson's broad and comprehensive knowledge of English Literature.

To Mason Hood, of the Freshman Class, in recognition of his vocal talent, we bequeath the melodious baritone of our class-mate, John Pearson.

To R. I. McKeown, of the Sophomore Class, we bequeath the manly characteristics and varied talents of Paul McCain, with the assurance that he will prove himself no less faithful to duty than our esteemed class-mate.

To W. B. Roddy, of the Freshman Class, we will the many and varied talents of Thomas McDill, "our right-hand man," since the said Mr. Roddy promises to be a worthy bearer of our class-mate's standard.

To F. R. Riddle, of the Sophomore Class, we bequeath the manly sincerity and frank simplicity of our class-mate, Mason Stevenson, that the admirable characteristics already firmly established in his nature may secure for him the lasting good will of his fellow students.

We bequeath the brilliant baseball record made by our class-mate Edgar Long, to "Chick" Grier, of the Sophomore Class, who gives promise of nobly supporting Erskine's war scarred pennant in future victories on the diamond.

We will that the oratorical mantel of William Meaulay fall upon the shoulders of Jim Wideman, of the Sophomore Class, that he may be encouraged to cultivate and improve those inborn talents that nature has given him.

To W. S. Patterson, of the Junior Class, we bequeath the fine debating record made by his brother Euphemian, William Caldwell, with the hope that his unmistakable talent, both as speaker and debater, may claim for him, in future, a prominent place on the platform.

To W. B. Williams, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath the A standard of our class-mate J. R. Devlin, together with his untiring devotion to duty, since the said Mr. Williams gives promise of a faithful and diligent student.

To Grier Wallace, of the Junior Class, we bequeath William McFerrin's placid disposition and happy philosophy of life, that the remaining days of his college career may be as serene as his life at the present.

To McDonald, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath our class-mate Mason Young's

interrogative propensities that he may overcome his retiring-modesty in his search after valuable information.

To Louise James, of the Freshman Class, who, we predict, will become a very dignified Senior, we bequeath the dignity of Margaret Flenniken, together with her love for ponderous words and phrases that in future years she, too, may be able to terrify the "Fresh."

To W. A. White, of the Sophomore Class, who is never at a loss for a word, we bequeath the conversational powers of our co-laborer, Water Mae Hunter.

To Joseph Matthews, of the Junior Class, whose ease and grace of manner enable him to appear "at home" at all social gatherings, we bequeath the dignified and refined bearing of our class-mate Alleine Haddon.

We bequeath the mechanical genius of our class-mate Robert Jenkins, to Quiney Boyd, of the Preparatory Department, whose capable management of the dormitory furnace testifies to his undeveloped talents in the realms of mechanics.

To W. E. Simpson, of the Sophomore Class, in behalf of his class-spirit and loyal interest in his class-mates, we bequeath the untiring zeal, and indomitable energy of our class-mate Sam Rabb.

We bequeath the genial nature and cheerful disposition of our class-mate Raymond Young to Lewis White, of the Sophomore Class, whose winning ways have made him a universal favorite among his fellow students.

We bequeath the rare stock of wit and humor belonging to our fellow laborer Brown Martin to J.A. McKeown, of the Sophomore Class, whose keen appreciation of the ridiculous gives him the foremost place in all the fun that takes place on the campus.

To the faculty of Erskine College we bequeath a portrait of Robert Patrick, to be hung in the auditorium, that his intellectual countenance may inspire all those who tread the stony pathway leading toward the land of "Hearts Desire"—Graduation Day.

To Malcolm Crowther, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath the bottle of "Burnishine," used so faithfully by our class-mate Henry Pressly, that his auburn locks may never lose their sunny tint.

To Mamie Cromer, of the Sophomore Class, we bequeath Bessie Jackson's attainments in the realm of vocal music, that in future the walls of the Wylie House may continue to resound with entrancing melodies when the Seniors are no more.

In view of Mason Cashion's popularity and fine baseball record we bequeath to him the future management of Erskine's baseball team, which place has been so competently filled this year by our class-mate William S. Dandridge.

To Reuben Riddle, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath Moffatt Pressly's ready smile and unfailing good nature, that his cheerful countenance may continue to give life and encouragement to those with whom he comes in contact.

To Lowry Blakely, of the Preparatory Department, we bequeath the modesty of our class-mate James Simpson, with the hope that he will always retain this rare and admirable virtue which now seems predominant in his nature.

To Calvin McCaw, of the Freshman Class, we bequeath the brilliant literary achievements of Julian Miller, together with his taste and talent along journalistic lines.

To William Boyce, who, at this early date, developed into a lady's man, we

bequeath the social proclivities of our class-mate Hazel Pharr.

To John McClelland, of the Sophomore Class, we bequeath the leadership of the Y. M. C. A. choir, which position we trust he will fill as successfully and conscientiously as our class-mate Grier Carson.

To Mr. Hudson, of the Sophomore Class, we bequeath our class-mate Killough Patrick's unexpired subscription to the leading fashion magazines, that he may keep up his present record for becoming apparel.

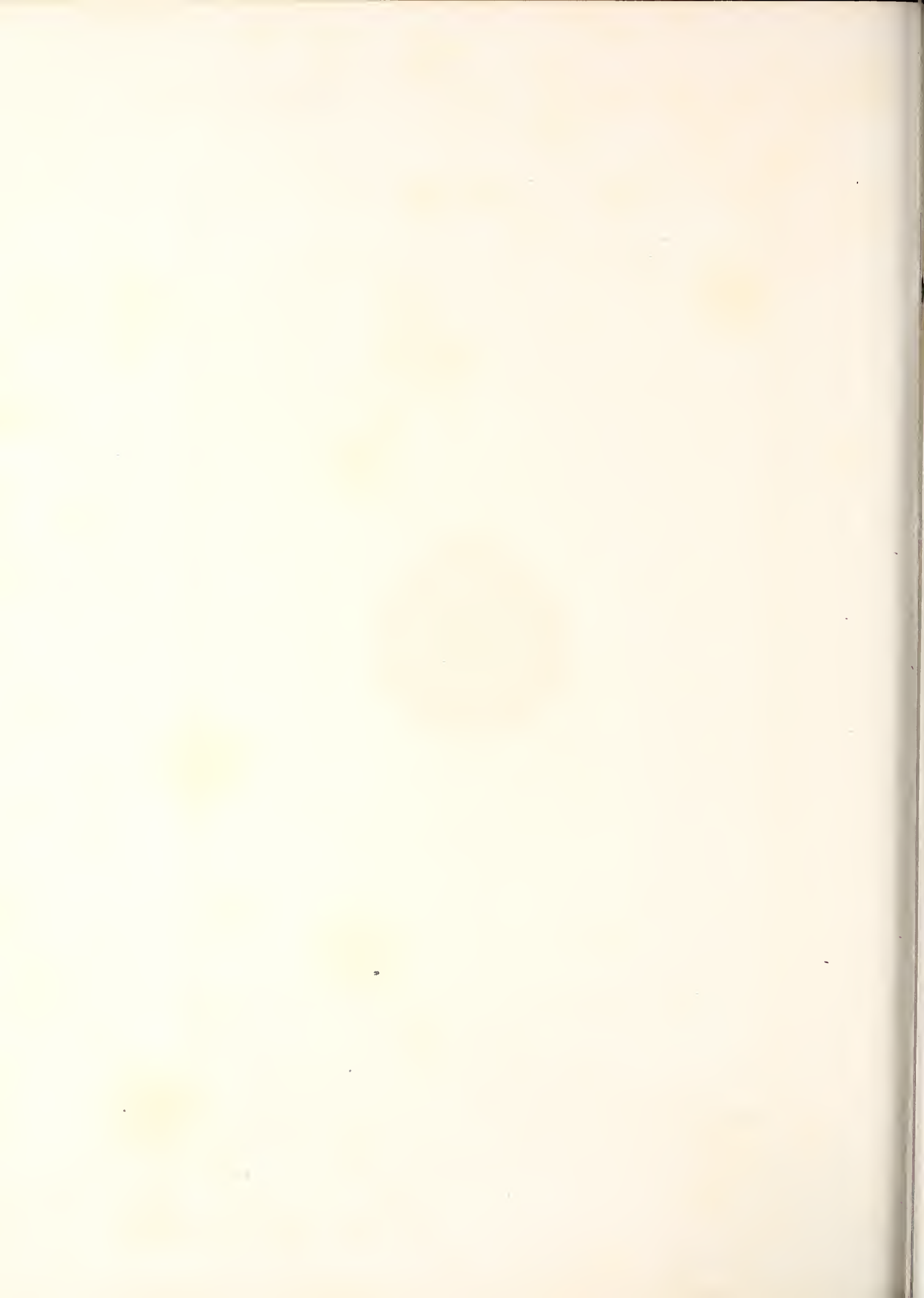
We bequeath to B. M. Moore, of the Freshman Class, the musical talent of Moffatt Kirkpatrick, together with the hope that he may some day occupy a prominent place on the Erskine Band, "to be."

To Nellie Bigham, of the Junior Class, we bequeath Katherine Flenniken's seat in Mathematics, that she may never lack for a full share of Astronomy questions.

To the Junior Class, we bequeath a year of unruffled peace, unending success, and perfect happiness.







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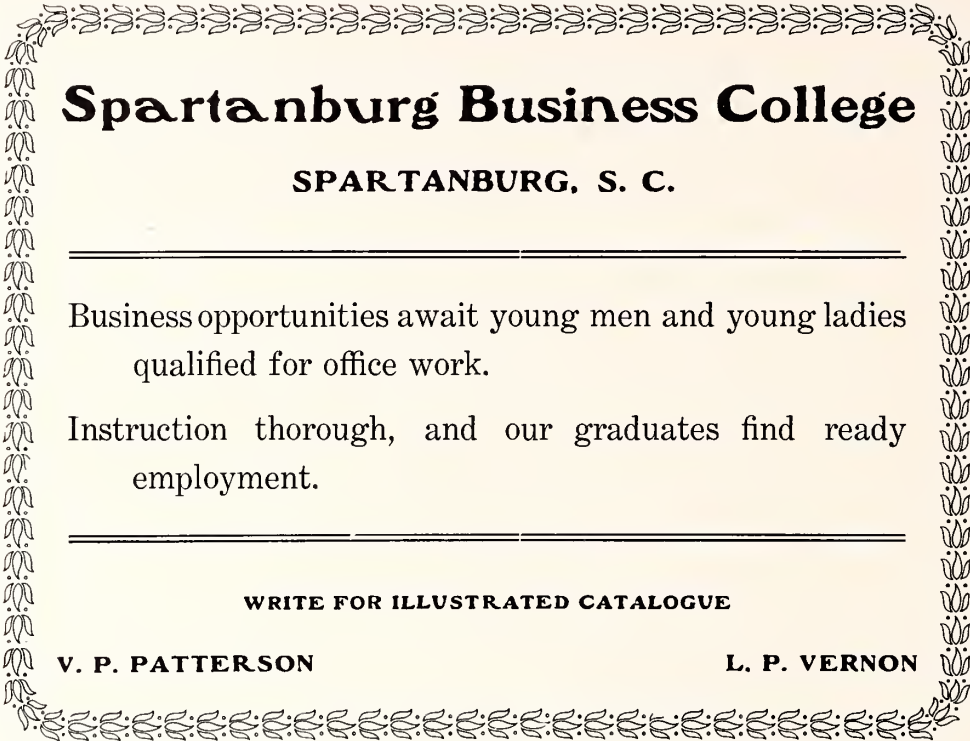
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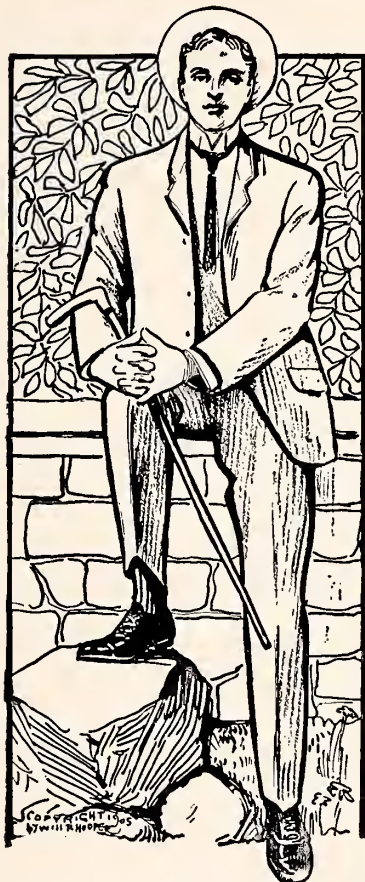
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LOCATION.—Muskingum College is located on the main line of the B. & O. Ry. about 200 miles east of Cincinnati, Ohio, and 135 miles west of Pittsburg, Pa. The College site is the crown of a hill commanding a magnificent view. It is noted for its beauty and healthfulness.

EQUIPMENT.—The plant comprises four buildings. The Main College building, Recitation Hall, the Gymnasium and the President's Manse. The buildings are heated with steam and have a complete system of waterworks. There is also a fine Athletic field of four acres for out-door sports.

COURSES OF STUDY.—In the College Department proper four courses are offered—Classical, Scientific, Literary and Teachers. A first-class Preparatory School is also under the same control and instructors. Our Departments of Oratory, Music and Art are in the hands of specialists.

RECORD.—Sixty per cent. of the young men who have graduated from Muskingum have entered the ministry. Thirty of her graduates are Foreign Missionaries. There are now twenty-six Student Volunteers in the institution. Ten Colleges have secured their Presidents from the ranks of Muskingum's Alumni. The late President Harper of Chicago University and the present successful president of the Ohio State University are among these. Our roster of Statesmen, Bankers, Lawyers, Editors, Professors and Business Men has on it many names that are most honored.

OUTLOOK.—The College is now commanding the interest of men of wealth. Mr. Carnegie has just proposed to give us \$20,000 for endowment. William Jennings Bryan recently made the college one of the beneficiaries of the Philo Sherman Bennett Fund for the aid of worthy poor young men. Prizes have been offered for efficiency in Oratory, Debate and Bible Reading.

EXPENSES.—The cost of living is very low. Many students spend a year at Muskingum and do not spend for all purposes over from \$150 to \$175. Eight Southern students were in attendance 1905 1906. You will never regret spending a year or two at Muskingum.

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